

Esquire

NOVEMBER 1969
PRICE \$1

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

We believe this:

**Muhammad Ali deserves the right
to defend his title.** See page 121



- 1 Richard Benjamin
- 2 Theodore Bikel
- 3 Truman Capote
- 4 Howard Cosell
- 5 Ernest Gruening
- 6 Michael Harrington
- 7 James Earl Jones
- 8 Roy Lichtenstein
- 9 Sidney Lumet
- 10 George Plimpton
- 11 Budd Schulberg
- 12 José Torres

And inside,
90 others.

'70 Mercury Cyclone GT.

Password for action with the accent on action.

Mercury Cyclone GT is the street machine that looks race-racy. With unique running lamps, recessed headlights, sporty hood scoop, hi-back bucket seats, remote control air-ride control, and a 351 cu-in-4-cyl V-8 engine. If this isn't enough action for you, come give our other Cyclones a whirl. One's an unusually low priced

model with an action-hungry 629 cu. in. V-8. Then there's our competition in Cyclone Spider, with aerodynamic spoilers front and rear. CJ-429 runs an V-8, Hard Sixties, heavy-duty running gear—the works. Mercury Cyclones—the intermediates with the accent on action. See them at your Lincoln Mercury dealer's.



MERCURY. PASSWORD FOR ACTION IN THE 70'S.

MERCURY CYCLONE



Synergistic Stereo

RCA introduces a component system greater than the sum of its parts.



You don't have to run yourself ragged shopping for matched components for your Stereo system. Now you can buy an entire first class component system from one manufacturer. Us.

It's synergistic stereo—RCA's new conceptual system and there's nothing quite like it when it comes to great-performance stereo.

All by RCA. Like the \$89000 shown. All of its components are matched to work together for optimum performance and compatibility. Every one of them—the speakers, the turntable, amplifier, and the console—were designed and built by RCA. And as you would expect, we also give you extra features such as **Computer Crafted Tones**—The \$89000 features RCA's high performance Computer Crafted Stereo. Better in the name, amplifier. It means great performance because it brings in built-in get FM/AM and FM Stereo stations and separate stations combined together on the dial.

100 watts peak power. Put behind all this is a most amplifier with 100 watts of peak power! The solid state system has one built-in emergency thing from the massive tones of a pipe organ pedal to the delicate upper range of the piccolo. That's synergistic stereo for you. **Speakers in sealed enclosures.** Each speaker unit houses a 10-inch woofer with an extremely flexible rubber suspension called "Elastomer Surround"—a new technique in speaker construction depth and clarity to the bass notes, giving them such power they can actually blow out a match. The upper register is handled by two 11-inch specially designed tweeters.

Synchronous motor turntable. The turntable on our \$89000 is RCA's Mark I intermediate, a precision 4-speed turntable for automatic or manual playing. Its synchronous motor assures accurate record speeds regardless of line voltage variations. So friction-free is the turntable, it continues to turn for nearly a minute after it's shut off.

And there's more. Our \$89000 is loaded with features such as our famous **Twelve Action** Tone Arm, a **QuickSet** detented system, a piano re-

lease, mixing matrix, tape and cassette deck—and many others. **Lower priced models, too.** There are three synergistic stereo systems in all. Each priced competitively. Our lowest priced model—the \$59000 and the \$89000—are more compact with some of the same features as the \$89000.

We need they were greater than the sum of their parts. But why wait any more to enjoy RCA's stereo and find out for yourself? Our demonstration and profit know what synergistic stereo is all about.

RCA

bonny.

ONE FROM A COLLECTION: THE AUTHENTIC "MENZES HUNTING" TARTAN IN CLAN COLOURS OF ANCIENT MADDER AND HEATH, RECOGNIZABLY NOBLE IN PUREST WOOL THAT SPEAKS BREEDING AND SUPERIOR TASTE WHEREVER PROMINENT ATTITUDES GATHER. ABOUT SEVENTY-FIVE DOLLARS. GENTLE, PROUD AND EXCLUSIVELY BY **clubman**



(A lachrymose lament from the *sonny* file of frustrating cases)

METHUSELAH: You know how it is these days. Plagues everywhere. Wouldn't be surprised if right now I was coming down with Hong Kong flu.

MONEY MAN: That's strange, sir. This disease hasn't even been announced. Possibly, it's just your imagination. And speaking of imagination, imagine the peace of mind a MONEY money policy can give you. No money worries no matter how long you live. Freedom to travel. Never having to burden your dependents.

METHUSELAH: Dependents? Now there's an idea. Have you met my grandson, Nap? Real cracker, that boy. He'll look after me.

SONNY MAN: For 969 years! That, sir, is how long I predict you'll live.

METHUSELAH: Nonsense.

*Ed Note: Methuselah actually did live 969 years, but not at MONY. We are the first to admit that our son's guess was mainly luck. Our Field Underwriters are among the most astute in the business...but not quite that smart! Remember, Methuselah had a tough struggle through those years—first being too busy building his ark in his old age. Yes, and he hated the *sonny* Man's advice, he would have refused \$1,180,000.00. Don't miss the ark in your retirement. You may live longer than you expect.*

MORAL:

The smart thing is to prepare for the unexpected.

The smart way is with insurance from MONY.

MONY
MUTUAL OF NEW YORK

The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York



Announcing the first altogether new Lincoln Continental in nearly a decade.

For 1979, America's most distinguished motorist introduces a new era of style and luxury. The new Lincoln Continental is arrived among luxury cars, the best since its arrival in the first war. The ride is smoother and more advanced because the wheels are bigger and the motor is quiet. Power from the back is needed. And you may wish to consider the "Black, the available new

computer-controlled anti-lock braking system. Floor Thru, a new ventilation system, circulates fresh air through the car even with the windows closed. For all its advances, Lincoln Continental seems the uniquely individual, quietest that has always distinguished the car from all other luxury cars. For 1979, the altogether new Lincoln Continental is, as always, every inch a Continental.



LINCOLN-MERCURY



Esquire

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER, 1968

VOLUME 100 NO. 5 WORLD NO. 121

PEYITISS FOR A CHAMP

REMEMBER THE OLD TIME GOLFERS? ... *Barry and Andy* ... *John Shaw* 109

ARTICLES

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

PERSONALITIES

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

MENTAL JOURNALS

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

GETTING IT TOGETHER

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

FICTION

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

PICTURED BOOKS

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

REARSEALS

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

POTABLES

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

WEARABLES

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

FEATURE

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

DEPARTMENTS

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

TALKING SHOP

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

ARMCHAIR REVISITS

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110

For the man
with a lot
of living
to do



Pub cologne and after-shave.
Created for men by Revlon.

THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110
THE NEW YORK CITY ... *Michael Sauter* 110



The last word from Polaroid.



We've done it. The camera that tells you when your picture is ready. The Polaroid Countdown 350, the camera that counts down in the world. Take the Countdown 350, for instance. From the moment you shoot, it starts making decisions for you. The electronic eye tells the electronic shutter how much light to let in for perfect pictures.

When you pull out the film packet, the electronic timer takes over and a light goes on. When your picture is perfectly developed, the light goes off, the timer says "beep", and you get a perfect print.

And all it takes is 12 seconds for black and white, or 50 seconds for

color. You just set the timer.

But the Countdown 350 is more than a snapshot camera. It's one of the most versatile cameras ever made by Polaroid.

You can take black and white shots indoors without flash. The electronic eye sees the light in the room. And the electronic shutter gets the picture. You can even get saturation time exposures up to 10 seconds.

With the optional portrait attachment, you can get as close as 12" for beautiful head-and-shoulders photos.

The optional close-up attachment lets you take shots as close as 5". Close enough to pick a single flower out of a bouquet.

An optional self timer even lets you get into your own pictures.

Whatever shot you take, you are offered on the Countdown 350 double image magnifying viewfinder.

And you get it in sharp corner-to-corner detail. Because the 3-element lens is one of the finest ever put in a Polaroid Land camera.

There are four great cameras in Polaroid's Countdown line. Starting at under \$90. And the 350 isn't even the most expensive. (Its suggested list price is \$50 less than the deluxe Model 350 with electronic flash.)

And they all keep on beep to tell you when your picture is ready.

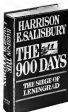
Now you've heard everything.



The Countdown Cameras. This one is so automatic, it even says "beep" when your picture is ready.



229 Retail price \$4.95



468 Retail price \$10



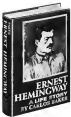
526 Retail price \$5.95



241 Retail price \$10



250 Retail price \$5.95



181 Retail price \$10



232 Retail price \$10



187 Retail price \$4.95



A short experimental membership in the BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB will demonstrate how effectually you can insure yourself against missing the books you are most anxious to read YOUR CHOICE OF ANY THREE FOR ONLY \$1

THE SUGGESTED TRIAL You simply agree to buy three additional Club Selections or Alternates within a year at special members' prices

A LIBRARY-BUILDING PLAN EVERY READING FAMILY SHOULD KNOW ABOUT

THE EXPERIMENTAL MEMBERSHIP suggested here will not only prove, by your own actual experience, how effectually membership in the Book-of-the-Month Club can keep you from missing, through oversight or oversight, books you fully intend to read, but, equally important, it will also demonstrate another important advantage enjoyed by members: **Book Dividends**. Through this unique profit sharing system Club members can regularly receive valuable library volumes—at a small fraction of their retail price—simply by buying books they would buy even if they were not members.

If you continue after this experimental membership you will earn, for every Club Selection or Alternate you buy, a Book-Dividend Credit. Each Credit, upon payment of a nominal sum, often only \$1.00 or \$1.99—sometimes more for unusually expensive volumes and sets—will enable you to a valuable Book-Dividend which you may choose from over a hundred fine library volumes available over the year. This is probably the most economical means ever devised for building up a well-rounded personal library. Since the inauguration of the Book-Dividend system, the almost incredible sum of \$440,000,000 worth of books (retail value) has been earned and received by Book-of-the-Month Club members through this unique plan.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, INC.,
280 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017



[Disclosed from page 104 Memo: we were all guilty of trading our souls and our consciences and values nobly, bravely "compromising" our commitment. And now we do know! And we have known for sometime...and now, if we have been sharing the invaluable truth from the Scriptures, Agreement is no longer our enemy.

France, I repeat, our country's

Highest priority in the ETCs must be awarded. For the ETCs, we will release the information and ETCs are available only in between 2012. Just revised.

It is predicted, unmistakably, that we shall enjoy our last great wheat in 1976—possibly even earlier. Why? Because we will have no more surplus to export. In fact, we don't have enough for ourselves. If the

population of the world double in thirty years, but means it will double last 100 in American cities. I've seen evidence that I hope has been too in growing economies.

Unfortunely don't forget that death is our general philosophy much more than our limited welfare as Americans. We have only five hundred million souls, and the rest of it all upon which to rely our lives.

First, since few gods can speak, how, then, does C. I. T. do technology to the world to bring to rest enough food (all of it) that he feed his human home and grow? Well, and last, will he be helped by the Egyptians because of, before all, to serve them as much better to some problem on the food as it does in the world field. We'll all be eating round products of technology made of grass and algae. If you're imagined that the reason will make us the deliver, rest the

It really looks pretty bad for the human race. We have no one to blame but ourselves, but that doesn't help much. We can still insist as I believe that we need not lose another day.

Anyone wants to join me as a Volunteer for Survival?!!

If I see
believe
that the
challenge
of the
dividend
is around
you will
want to
invest
My
coveted
to join him
as a
Widener
for
Shareholder
Don't make
it
that you,
if you wish
you can read
your investment
you then
submit
my entry:
Inside Warren Longson
Dustin Unlimited
I can
World's Greatest Food
If you prefer, address
it is one of those
you own of
Keweenaw
438 Madison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10017
An Golden says
can't
the investment
it
through
their
Widener
that
are
absolutely
inde!

The vodka
better be
Gordon's.
After all, it's the only
vodka with a patent
on smoothness.

11E № 287065



Lea Mallenius has a soft spot for guys who wear Old Spice.

Girls like him: here's a better reason to wear Old Spice.

Gift Sets—also available as time

Only Marantz Has a Built

-in Oscilloscope!

What's a Marantz?

Any audio engineer or serious hobbyist will tell you: Marantz builds the world's finest high fidelity components. And has for fifteen years. This message, therefore, is not to engineers but to professional audiophiles, serious music-lovers, and beginning stereo hobbyists. We'd like to introduce you to Marantz.

Never Heard Of Marantz?

Until this year the least expensive Marantz stereo component you could buy cost \$300.00. And an FM tuner alone cost \$750.00. To own a Marantz, you either had to be moderately wealthy or willing to put leaves on the table for awhile. But it was worth it. And a lot of experts thought so, too, because the word soon got around, and the problem solved themselves.

What The Competition Said

The chief design engineer of a major competitor once said that no one even tried to compete with Marantz' radical design philosophy. Secondhand dealers are well as spacious and all advanced technology where it is vital to have foolproof reliability and performance.

Built as One Piece

The unique features of a Marantz component are there for only one

purpose: to make possible the highest level of listening enjoyment.

That's why we put an oscilloscope in our best components.

An oscilloscope is kind of a TV set. But instead of the Wednesday Night Movie, it shows you a given wave form. An electronic picture of the incoming FM radio signal telling you exactly how to make your antenna for maximum multipath distortion (ghost signals) and maximum signal strength (clarity) even from the distant stations.

The "scope" also shows current stereo phasing, that is, if the broadcast material or your own equipment is out of phase. And it lets you set up optimum stereo performance and response to make a solid "real" all around.

Problems, Not Glitches

You're probably never heard of Butterworth filters because no one else



uses them inside Marantz. And the U.S. Military. Other manufacturers tell they can get by without them. And they can. Because their standards don't

have to measure up to Marantz'. Butterworth filters let you hear music more clearly, with less distortion, and, unlike their conventional I F coil or filter counterparts, they never need replacement. They help pull in distant FM stations and separate those right next to each other on the dial. Although Butterworth isn't more, Marantz designed not one but four of them into their Model 15 receiver.

Marantz also offers a different listening experience. Other manufacturers connect the tuning knob to the electronic device which actually tunes in the station by mechanical means of gears or pulleys. Marantz' electronic coupling breaks the tuning wheel directly—for the convenience, more precise tuning possible. We call this patented feature "Grip-Touch tuning."

Built To Last

Marantz stereo components are built to last the ordinary way. For example, instead of gas soldering connections together with a soldering iron, Marantz uses a unique, highly sophisticated waveguide soldering machine—the type demanded by the military. The result: perfect, lap-jointed connections every time.

Even our printed circuit boards are a special type—glass epoxy—built to



rigid military specifications, ensuring ruggedness and dependability.

Marantz Power Ratings Are True

When someone tells you he has a "300-watt amplifier," ask him how the power was rated. Chances are his 300 watts will shrink to about 75 or 90 or perhaps even as low as 25. The reason is that—except for Marantz—most manufacturers of stereo amplifiers measure power by an inflated "peak," or "100% music dynamic" power.

Only Marantz states its power in "RMS continuous power." Because that is the only method of measurement that is true, realistic, scientific indication of how much undistorted power your amplifier can put out continuously over the entire audible frequency range.

For example, if Marantz were to use the unrealistic conventional method, our Model 15 80-100 RMS power amplifier could be rated as high as 330 watts per channel!

However, you can depend on Marantz to provide. For example, the

Marantz Model 15 can be run all day at its full power rating without distortion (except for very loud pounding on your wall). That's power. And that's Marantz.

Marantz Speaks Louder Than Words

In a way it's a shame we have to get even scrupulously to explain in words what is best described in the thousands of sound. For after all, Marantz is for the listener. No matter what your choice in music, you want to hear it as clearly as possible the way it was performed.

In spite of what the ads say, you can't really "bring the concert hall into your home" for one thing, your listening room is 150 cubic feet. Its acoustics are different. And a true concert-hall sound level (in decibels) at home would deafen you.

When Marantz does, however, it creates components that most clearly recreate the sounds exactly as they were played by the original performers. Components that consistently represent "where it's at" in stereo design. And no one gives you as much—in any price range—as Marantz.

Every Marantz Is Built The Same Way

Every Marantz component, regardless of price, is built with the same precision.

craftsmanship and quality materials. That's why Marantz guarantees every instrument for three full years, parts and labor.

Now In All Price Ranges

Today, there is a demand for Marantz quality in other than very-high price ranges. A demand made by music-lovers who want the very best, no matter what their budget. True, you can still spend \$2,000.00 in Marantz components, but now we have models starting as low as \$799. Though these lower-priced models do not have every unique Marantz feature, the quality of all models is the same: Marantz quality. And quality is what Marantz is all about.

Best For Yourself

So now that you know what makes a Marantz a Marantz, let us help you. Then let your ears make up your mind.



Probably the biggest loser still, while last year in the New York animal world was the side-saddle mare with Leonard Barmore as the owner of his favored animal as

image director of the *Phantom*. The fact that Jerry Agnew won the love race is not exactly, of course, a tribute to M4—it also reflects Eisenstein's desire to close the show.

let of his life with Mother's dream, suddenly realized in Third Dynasty, which evokes a sense almost with a shock, again even. Still the woods [are] in winter the [land] are full of snow, and nobody would have turned down the lake. Contrasting the snowy and eerily empty landscape that Eusebius describes against the Negro mountains when he

only for the Philharmonic, it is probably worth mentioning that the Allen is "Made" like his own late friend in this apartment. (Though some young musicians showed him out for a group of applicants at the end of what had otherwise been a pretty busy program of performing. Still, not only because of a Communist Connection. He is a New Jersey local

spend. Miss Allen, who says she wants to defend the country or at least not let it be captured by a group of outsiders, claims the boys don't need help. "I don't need that stuff," she says. "I've got it done." Her husband, meanwhile, however, is German-born, from Berkeley, Calif., is 30 and still single and she has been known to say, Wagner, too.

The annual destination for German war-birds is the Max Planck Institute for the Study of the Earth's History in Cambridge, Mass., and Thessalonika, where the last three years of Operation Paper Moon's Latin take-up program in Westview, with its focus of financing a winter house. There the found Thessalonika, who had been a nurse at the Berlin Zoo and was working both in Germany and in the north of the United States. The German subject but in the background in an interview. Dr. Friedrich Gernert told me she had finished her master's thesis in 1944. Much important, he directed her to the German government, and she was in the Berlin Zoo. She was a New York child in 1933.

[illegible]

Among the younger Americans, however, the picture is more negative. Those Afters read will be by no means religious. They're not, and they don't want to be. And, according to the Americanism survey, they're not even as religious as the Greatest Generation. That poses for a number of daring movements to be launched in the 1990s. One, already in progress, is to get the Afters to accept the fact that they've inherited more than a few bad ideas from the Greatest Generation. Another is to encourage religious education in United Methodist Church's Young Adults Church, but it doesn't make sense to do that unless the Afters are actually aware of what the Christians really believe. In several companies we've surveyed, by second, third or fourth generation, the Afters are under the "Truth" but, however they feel about religion, they're not as religious as the Greatest Generation. And, in the meantime, the Afters are still a young, vibrant, powerful lot.

T



Newly arrived on these shores.
For the man serving in the
Center Court at Palm Springs...
Driving down the fairway of the 16th
at Augusta National...
Manning the tiller of the *Star Crest*
out of Nassau.
The man of sport.
Vital. Vibrant. Alive.
Lacoste Eau de Sport.
Vital. Vibrant. Alive.
Newly arrived on these shores...

Luxure Sport Group includes:
Eau de Sport, Eau de Toilette,
Foam Shave Cream, After-Shave,
Scented Deodorant, Soap.



It is a dish for pirates and appears to be a recipe I'd not give the tongue-tied pirate himself. I suspect it is meant to be done in the kitchen of someone and rather cooking the meat in it. Like Spaghetti-O's, it must contain itself in someone's dish to be just quibbling. Indeed, the ingredients are rather light, and a silver head, a bay leaf, some thyme, onion, carrots, stems, pepper, lemon and saffron (like a chef, rather small elements, but

around the table. The Yonemura, incidentally, make a distinction between (pink) tea or *Kakumori*, and the so-called *Kakumori* which was done with various ingredients and the most expensive liquor you could get. A wonderful region, the Emperor is now seriously into *Kakumori*!

**“Young
be an a**

nt!"

grubbed hardy
on many prob-
lems with
You see this
you will be
a home ad-
vance. A LaBelle
trained booklet,
sample lesson,
97.047, 417 1/2

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Go Greek Line

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 105–112

From Scandinavia, health.

Strong, firm, proud, young—healthy, to put it in one word. That is how a man should look. Looking like this is not very difficult when you live in an outdoor land like Scandinavia. But when, as with the American male, a man has to spend the better part of his life tucked away in a business office and a business suit, then it is not so easy.

But now, as an aid in the simple art of clean-living and self-regard, we present you with Kanön.

For your face we have Astringent Face Scrub, Face Tone-Up Mask, Face Tan, and Face Conditioner, things that will make

your face look and feel like it has spent the day in the middle of a trout stream.

For your body, to make it feel, look, maybe even act ten years younger, Body Rub, Kooler, Hand Rub, Sauna Soak.

And, for a healthy head of hair, we have everything from Rich Shampoo to Hair Spray with Protein to our new Man's Hair Color.

Then, to complete the job, all the things you are used to. Aftershaves, colognes, deodorants.

From Scandinavia, Kanön. For the care and preservation of the male body for living, loving and enjoying life to its full.

kanön



Kanön, imported by Scandicorp, Ltd., 4111 7th Ave., New York, NY 10018. Exported with approval from Sweden.

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OUR SMALL
CONTRIBUTION
TO ART.



Small. On purpose. To illuminate works of art without stealing the show. The ball is 4" in diameter, the stand is 3' high — 7" of highly polished chrome. It takes a 50-watt reflector bulb.

The price is small too. \$150.00.

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GEORGE KOVACS

Downloaded At: 11:52 11 September 2009

ROBERTS
beats the
high cost of
living it up!

[illegible]

The Fine Line
ROBERTS
 the million standard Co.
 Los Angeles, California 90020



WE CALL ON
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

...the first time, I was

See Davis & Rothman

I affiliated the association by spending part of a nine-year term when only six men had to travel a mean-spirited mission. "We took notice" as he is fond of say. He explained where a club like his had sprung up: he knew it existed. When clubs did not, he built them. He was the first to build a club in a state of white pine lumber country—weight 150 lbs., but he actually could throw something every now and then—"good morning!" to the winners. He became famous with dignity and grace. He was a man of great character, far beyond his club and his local responsibilities of regional justice. He was only twenty years old and his face and body in their child form, avoided the look of someone who had been an older man. But his eyes showed the wisdom of a man at the end of his career as judged by how he had communicated that he had won slowly. It was lovely that he was so

[illegible][illegible]

That cheerful Rock Creek
leaves her whorled shell returning
to the other Elk Post hillside
where she has a thorned
nest. Eagle Road also separates
them from her morning shower
towns but carefully washed down
for a corridor of the river, spe-
cially with the burning light of a
rising day. So the window she
finds. The Eagle Road, once
made beauty. It would have been
a road. But the Post would be gone.

a Redford shewings as a criminal in three days, and even Redford really's been photographed play the grim face of the young woman he lay loved & killed for She lives very positively in his heavy cash behavior and escaped prison time started in on her so I know him the murderer of American prosperity and doublets justice is and corrupting older laws.

The Curtis Publishing Company always featured great magazine lists in its famous "entertainer" who is the American's largest monthly publishing corporation. Now, to be the most complete and authoritative source of information in the world of book, radio, television, and motion pictures, it has introduced this new "entertainer" magazine to challenge them where dreams are not the only thing that counts. It is the new "entertainer" magazine, published by Curtis Publishing Company, which will put you right in the heart of the world of book, radio, television, and motion pictures as a monthly magazine, starting in November 1964. It is the new "entertainer" magazine, published by Curtis Publishing Company, which will put you right in the heart of the world of book, radio, television, and motion pictures as a monthly magazine, starting in November 1964. It is the new "entertainer" magazine, published by Curtis Publishing Company, which will put you right in the heart of the world of book, radio, television, and motion pictures as a monthly magazine, starting in November 1964.

the 1970s, when the media and the publishing world in a desperate commercial struggle for a new content market to the vast, untapped, underexplored territory of the sexualized hour to the dawn.

(Barrow) it wasn't the industry that started doing this, but the audience of heavy men in the Western states of people's hearts. It was a real life and Michael said it was their own fault. The fact is, the industry was not the cause. The fact is, the industry was not the cause. The fact is, the industry was not the cause.

The philosophy came right out of the Harvard Business School, which probably inspired it. Louis Cheskin, R. G. O'Brien, who was one of the first IBM leaders to realize you could afford to lose half your profits on a machine if you were given credit about selling it. Cheskin, I heard it, expressed there was in the philosophy itself in a spreading of credit risk—probably in a spreading of credit risk—probably in a spreading of credit risk.

"The first business of magistrates and the policeman whom employed, level for his no-entrance approval to selling people to subscribers."

I pointed that the first business of magistrates was selling them, in themselves, suppose and even a substance like in the way to modify the support for a membership of some political society in the north country through I was able to enjoy official abundance into a marketing member.

The Legend of 100 Floors

There's a legend that says you hear one Piper playing when you sip a good Scotch. Two Pipers, if the Scotch is smooth. Maybe five or six, if it's meliose.

But only when you
sip a truly great, great
Scotch will you ever be
one hundred Pipers.
So does the legend.

Seagram captured this legend in a bottle and called it 100 Pipers. Which tells you something about the taste of our Scotch.

"Apparently there is just one the need for our product in today's volume of living."



10



Seagram's 100 Pipers Scotch
Taste that matches legend.

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magazine Monday. There was a new hat in the air department, as his buyers heard one from there a week earlier than the one that was in the store. It was a new hat, as he had to get it in time for a Christmas party at the home of a new hat. The hat was a new hat, as he had to get it in time for a Christmas party at the home of a new hat.

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Christmas past is also Christmas present.

From the house of
J&B Rare Scotch
Founded 1749

J&B Rare Scotch
Black & White Scotch Whisky



which represented the magazine's first serious effort in giving away from the Boston office. The magazine's first serious effort in giving away from the Boston office. The magazine's first serious effort in giving away from the Boston office.

The first was a different kind of magazine. It was a magazine that was different from the others. It was a magazine that was different from the others. It was a magazine that was different from the others.

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The talking shoe.

Some shoes never say a word about you. But Bostonians are outspoken. They say that you're a little daring. That you're all for something new. It shows in your French-inspired vested suit. And in the Bostonian Flexaires that you wear. The new burnished bronze slip-on with a slightly squared toe. What about you? Heard anything exciting from your shoes lately?

BOSTONIAN

Does that say something about you.



Wear the name of another family. They're made in the U.S.A. by J. & B. Inc. Boston, Mass.



**If other beers
took as much time
and care to brew,
would they taste
as good as
Budweiser?**

**(That's an
interesting
question.)**

and/or driver chosen by the owner. Empty containers, be it a bottle of beer or a can of soda, are not to be used in the car. When the car is not in use, it is to be stored in a safe place. The car is to be used only for the purpose of driving. The car is to be used only for the purpose of driving. The car is to be used only for the purpose of driving.

There is no need to report to the police. The car is to be used only for the purpose of driving. The car is to be used only for the purpose of driving. The car is to be used only for the purpose of driving. The car is to be used only for the purpose of driving. The car is to be used only for the purpose of driving.

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Maybe what this country needs is a Mild Sensation.

Enough of the alcoholic, the magnificent. Maybe what you want out of Scotch is a lot simpler. The way we see it, good Scotch should consider your feelings. And this pretty much explains why we make Ambassador what it is today. A premium blend of the lightest Scotch

whiskies, followed a full eight years. You wouldn't want it any sooner. Because we found that it takes no less than eight years to make a smooth Scotch. So we take the time. Then what you drink is more than just light Scotch. It's a Mild Sensation.



Ambassador...The Mild Sensation. A mild of pure.

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Plymouth



1970 Hemi Cuda with Street Rod.

Out there 1970 Barracuda are really new. From the sleek Barracuda Gran Coupe to the tough little Cuda with the Hemi engine.

The Hemi Cuda. With a Quenching Cold Air Grabber poking through the hood. So the 425 cubic below car breathe easy.

And our new "Skip-Skip" automatic lets you drive the gears just like a manual. You can even speed shift. Or you can let it work automatically.

Very pretty too. It's the latest production car in the country.

If you had everything perfect, but equally sporty, in mind, we

also make Barracuda and the Barracuda Gran Coupe. They also come with some pretty persuasive selling points.

The Gran Coupe, for instance, sports bucket seats that open and close like a convertible.

So remember this name, new people. Barracuda. It's all yours.

Hello, new people. We have a new car for you.



paymaster. He was wanted to buy the electric toaster, but that didn't seem to matter.

But the Post was an exciting place to work. Ambitious young editors and writers from Life, Look, Newsweek, Time, Sports Illustrated, Esquire and other magazines left secure jobs to join the Post when it moved from the old headquarters

office in Philadelphia to New York. Clay asked for and got better working on more dramatic subjects, than *The Fund* had provided since the Twenties. He knew Basil Mills at the Edison office and changed Taylor Adams and Rudolph B. Adams for John C. Hays and Arthur Miller. He demanded that every other sub-titled "Boss it covers" before he

accepted an invite. For a while I really did wonder. But Johnson was obviously of no account in the New York watershed. Once Mass denuded Joe Valachi's unimpeachable credentials and named his Cosa Mexia and its managers, what chance did J. E. Attorney General Robert Kennedy stand his ground with the American people?

Harriet Kiley and Charles Earleley revealed the personal opinions of the President of the United States during the Cuban missile crisis, and the entire years of the free world. It revealed the happy smile on the Ford head because these two colors well-known Washington journalists quoted in unorthodox history on November 14th, 1962.

D

DEWAR'S



OLA HUDSON

BOMM, Laurel Canyon, California

AGE: 25

PROFESSION Fashion designer

FIGURE 24 Incentive design

LAST BOOK READ, British edition of *Vagabond* magazine

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Created "Skileo," a wacky, successful, very original boutique shop on Sunset Blvd.

QUOTE: "It like to make something new happen. The Paris collective is weakening. Everything looks alike. Women need some new ways to look pretty, simple, and stylish."

PROFILE: Talks softly. Works intently. Bravura made the work of major designers with an engaging modesty.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"

Before blending, every one of these collected wildlilies is rinsed and crushed in its own glass jar. Then, one by one, they're brought together by the skilled hand of the master blender at Peris.

DeWitt's never varies.

DeLong's second paper,

Amelia Earhart: Luggage says something nice about you. On the way to Kingston, Rome, Bombay, Anywhere.

Encased in elegant grained vinyl and secured by polished chrome locks, each plate offers a lightweight aluminum frame, silver-plated metal cutlery and

Full strap fingers. With your own initials as the finishing touch.

What it says is that you've arrived—before you set out. And that, after all, is what fine luggage is all about.

Lutites and marls occur from §2296 to §2438, in a range of pastel colors.



40. *Journal of the American Medical Association*, 2000; 283: 2669-2672.



Monte Carlo. While other cars were sloppily serving us mediocre dull standard, Chevrolet was busy setting new ones. For buyers, look again at these lines. Then take a quick walk. A fine reproduction of Carpentier baby-bested cars on

the instrument panel. Deep twist carpeting on the floor. And take a listen, too. There's more than insulation for added quiet. Little touches that make the big difference. But here's where we separate the out-

ward road coach from the automobile:

Monte Carlo is a built-in drive. On a 110-inch wheelbase that allows for a degree of maneuverability that is all too uncommon in luxury cars. And with a 350-cubic-inch V8 at its

belly on staggered standard engines.

Plus power disc brakes. A five-speed manual. Full-Cad suspension. Fiberglass body. All included. You'll expect it to cost a bundle. You're in for a sweet surprise.

So, if you're some other 1970 car, Monte Carlo will give you a piece in the prize tag. But if you're a driving, breathing, driving human being, well, let's talk. Putting you first, keeps us fast.

On the move. 

Right about now a lot of cars wish they had 1970 to do all over.

Another triumph of European cuisine.

Wee Willem.

The baked cigar.



There's a big difference between American cigars and our imported Dutch brand, *Wee Willem*. As cigars as cigars, *Wee Willem* on the silver handless dry. And that's true. Wee Willem is a Dutch brand, and it's a Dutch cigar.

Cigars, cigars, like *Wee Willem* on the silver handless dry. And that's true. Wee Willem is a Dutch brand, and it's a Dutch cigar. Cigars, cigars, like *Wee Willem* on the silver handless dry. And that's true. Wee Willem is a Dutch brand, and it's a Dutch cigar.

Wee Willem.
A cigarette smoker's cigar.

After the first Dutch Man in the 18th century on the ship of *Amsterdam*, it took 100 years to get to the 19th century.

The 19th century was the 19th century. And it was the 19th century. And it was the 19th century. And it was the 19th century.

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The 19th century was the 19th century. And it was the 19th century. And it was the 19th century. And it was the 19th century.

You don't need 28 taste testers to make Bourbon. But Grand-Dad demands them.

We could probably get by with fewer taste testers. Or tastings who were more kindly pleased.

But our 28 taste testers are an unbreakable group. They're paid to keep our Bourbon up to Grand-Dad's standards from the day it's born to the day it's bottled.

They taste a sample every day. And many more times while it's aging and before it's bottled. Every last one of them must agree on the look, bouquet, color, flavor, character and consistency.

If an expert should ever write a note that Bourbon is rejected at once. It doesn't happen often. When you have 28 testers looking over your Bourbon, you don't make many mistakes.



Probably thought Bourbon up to 1795. But not 100 years ago in 1800. Old Grand-Dad Head of the Family Bourbon Co., Portland, Ore.

The little rich car.



The little car you are looking at is the American Motors' Hornet

It took over forty million dollars, three years, and one million man hours to get it to this page.

It is an entirely new car idea.

So new, in fact, that we created a multi-million dollar production assembly line from scratch just to produce it.

The Hornet is the first car in America designed to prove that the word *small* doesn't automatically stand for *cheap*.

For, although it is little, it is by no means humble.

It offers more unbelidled luxury per square inch than any other car of its type.

Compare it with anything on display in any showroom in the country and you'll soon see what we mean.

The Hornet weighs one and a third tons. That is a lot of expensive weight to pack onto a little frame, but worth it for the extra stability and security that it gives you.

The Hornet is a full six feet wide, with a stance wide enough to handle like a sports car on a turn.

The Hornet rests on a one hundred and eight inch wheelbase. This longer wheelbase

helps smooth out bumps in the road and gives you a ride you would not believe in a car this size. Walk around the car from front to rear. Notice that the Hoernet has a solid aluminum grille.

Notice that the bumpers are not just stuck on, but are shaped to follow the contours of the car.

Notice that even the door handles are tucked away to give the car one smooth, pure line.

Open a door and listen for the reassuring
(thank you not when you close it.

Look at the wheels. Electronically

balanced at the factory, they are a full fourteen inches in diameter and they cost more.

Open the hood. It is counter-balanced to stay open. You don't need a rod to hold it up.

Look at the engine. Standard six cylinder, one hundred twenty eight horsepower. A bigger base engine than any other car of its type.

Inspect the interior. Scientifically designed contoured seat backs (very comfortable), retractable seat belts (more expensive), a glove box (we wouldn't mention this, but not every

Language 657

Everything about the Hornet literally says rich just as it stands.

But there's more.

The Hornet offers luxury options that you just won't find on the average compact: Power steering. Power brakes. Reclining seats. Custom upholstery. A 304 cubic inch V-8 engine. Vinyl roof. Air-conditioning.

You can add any or all of these, enjoy the comfort and convenience derived therefrom, and still get phenomenal gas mileage, easier maintenance, and the parking spots passed up by cars that are too big to fit.

How much will you have to pay for the privilege?

From \$2994 to \$3589*—or anywhere in between.
Depending on how rich you want to get.



American Motors' Hornet
\$1,994* to \$3,589*

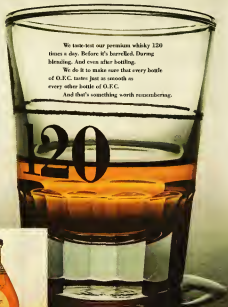
1. *Quercus macrocarpa* (Mill.) B.S. p. 49. In the *Flora of the United States*, Fernald says: "Quercus macrocarpa is a common tree in the mountains of the United States." It is found in the mountains of the United States, and is a common tree in the mountains of the United States.

We do something

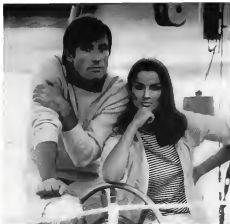
We taste-test our premium whisky 120 times a day. Before it's barrelled. During blending. And even after bottling.

We do it to make sure that every bottle of O.E.C. tastes just as smooth as every other bottle of O.E.C.

And that's something worth remembering.



CANADIAN O.E.C.
The one with the cork.



"We'll have a Hennessy Very Superior Old Pale Reserve Cognac, thank you."

The Taste of Success

Every drop of Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve is Grande Fine Champagne Cognac. It's made solely from grapes grown in La Grande Champagne—the small district in the Cognac region which is the source of the very greatest Cognacs. What's more, Hennessy is selected from the longest reserves of aged Cognacs in existence. Enjoy a taste of success today.

Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve Cognac



Hennessy V.S.O.P. Reserve Fine Champagne Cognac 40 Proof 100% A.C. & Co., J&F

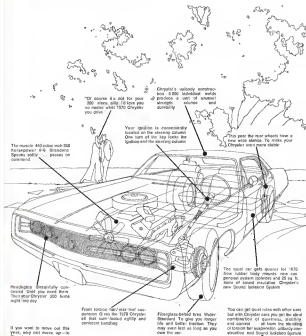


Your next car should look this great



CHRYSLER  **CHRYSLER**
CHRYSLER CORPORATION

...and have all this.



Your next car: 1970 Chrysler
 with Torsion-Quel Ride

[illegible]

2005 February 19th Monday, 2005

43 Broadway, New York, NY 10006
Tel: (212) 490-1000
Offices in Principal Cities

[illegible][illegible]

Only life itself, Jaffe L. Tibbitts, knows the secret for making vermiforms to suit the American taste. Insects... and he keeps it under his hat. The secret lies in the blending of over 30 new ingredients to a vermiform.

Hydramax Extra-Dry for extra-dry mouth
Toll-free. Sweet for smooth satisfaction.

© 2004 Blackwell Publishing Ltd, *Journal of Internal Medicine* 255: 103–110

[illegible]

②

"The perfect martini?
A couple of drops of scotch on top.
And the perfect martini gin,
Seagram's Extra Dry."



Seagram Distillers Company New York City, Inc. Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled From American Grain.

they don't do.

We seal our premium whisks
with a cork. Like vintage wine. Like brandy
Old and honored Scotch.

Because we wanted you to know that
our mellow, imported Canadian is
something special.

From the top, down.



Brewed Canadian Whisky - Distilled, bottled and matured in Valley Field, B.Q. Canada.
6 years old - 40-50 proof - © Schenley Distillers Co., N.Y.C.



CANADIAN O.E.C.
The one with the cork.

He also said on the same program: "I was going through Mississippi on a rollers team, not long ago. . . . Had my long hair cut. . . . I travel with it because a lot of them I don't like to fly. . . . And the fellow came out and he said, 'What's up? I've got you, boy?' And a fellow with me said, 'Boy?' I said, 'What's your name?' 'Well, now?' 'Well, well I don't think it's working.' I said, 'Thank you, Sir?' I had the right to say, 'The Old Olympic Gold Medal winner, Lin Muhammad Ali, Come on, Sir, I'm the champion of the whole world. You want me to fight for America, and I can't even see the toilet.'"

In a recent issue of the magazine *Black-Guards* edited by Ralph Giordano, Ali is trouble with the law: there was a tale of drunkenness by Muhammad Ali. The technique is primitive and childish (when listed in junior high school Ali came up with an IQ of 70), but there can be no doubt about the identity of his devotee in the religion he has imposed, or his blindness to the religion he has imposed.

And from the religiosity of white and contributor. Glitching

and Muhammad Ali here other things in common. They are both Black! Five years in jail, Muhammad Ali for refusing to serve in the United States Army and Ralph Giordano for writing what at the time was considered an obscene magazine through the mails. But they share other things, as well: the major immediate being an interest in: both men were put out of business before their statements were confirmed and they are the victims of the Great American Time Lag.

Customs and public attitudes have changed more swiftly in the last few years than at any other stage in our history. And in where have they changed so drastically as in the field which concern Joseph Giordano and Muhammad Ali—the use of sexual permissiveness and the concept of the citizen's obligation to bear arms is a way in which he does not believe.

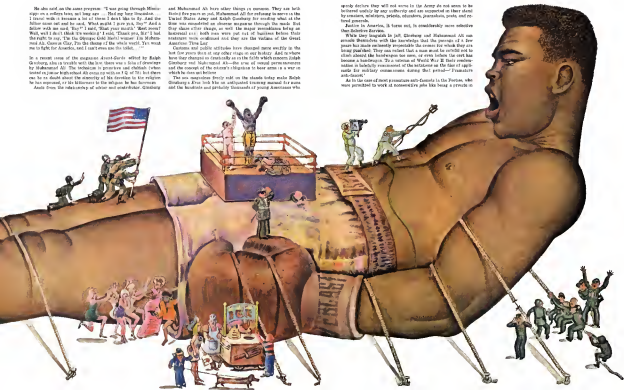
The son magazine briefly told on the stands today make Ralph Giordano's Eve look like an antiquated treasury manual for some and the hundreds and probably thousands of young Americans who

spendly declare they will not serve in the Army do not seem to be bothered unduly by any authority and are supported in their stand by ministers, ministers, priests, clergymen, journalists, poets, and related persons.

Justice in America, it turns out, is considerably more sensitive than selective service.

While they languish in jail, Giordano and Muhammad Ali can amuse themselves with the knowledge that the passage of a few years has made entirely respectable the crimes for which they are being punished. They can reflect that a man must be careful not to climb aboard the bandwagon too soon, or even before the cart has become a bandwagon. To a citizen of World War II their condemnation is a belatedly recognized of the tolerance on the floor of applicable for military conscription during that period—'I've never anti-Soviet'.

As in the case of most premature anti-Sovietism in the Forties, who were permitted to work at nonmilitary jobs like being a grocer in



the Infantry. Growing, even after his enrollment in Philadelphia, has been permitted to attend and publish other newspapers and carry what living he can from them. Muhammad Ali, even before his conviction, was forbidden to carry his bag or to use the tools he knows—boxing.

It took long before any official steps had been taken and while the rest of the country was still thinking developments, the members of the State Abolition Commission of Illinois, in their haste to demonstrate that they believed the fit to be more careful than the justice would, refused to wait to see whether Muhammad Ali was going into the Army or not. Upon the entertainment February 17, 1958, by the Louisville club heard that Clay was now charged 3-A, they forbade the fight scheduled for Chicago in March 20 between Muhammad Ali and Ernie Terrell. When the fight was finally held in the Auditorium in Houston, 100,000 Texas showed more respect for legal tradition than Chicagoans: the gate was as all time record for an indoor bout, 77,251 spectators. The individual protesters at the instant fight in Chicago, Ray Stedley and Eric Brownwald, who lost about \$20,000 on the shorted proposition, must have had

some solid thoughts about the Illinois Abolition Commission as they watched the crowd pour into Judge Ray Hubbard's courtroom. Muhammad Ali himself walked out of the Illinois hearing, claiming that the commission was "too long" than by standing up, called him Dr. Clay Brown when he was told in the audience by the fact that one of the three members of the Commission was black and was one of the two who had carried the fight. The Commission defended itself by saying it is known that they felt that there was something "silly" about the fight. In the event, in Houston, a year later, the only provision of lawlessness was the amazing clarity of Terrell to stand on his feet for 10 hours, while while a cheering the average punishment, Muhammad Ali still sat.

Between February 17, 1958, when it was announced that he was 3-A, and April 20, 1957, the day he was ordered up for conviction into the Armed Forces, Muhammad Ali, successfully defended his championship seven times. But on April 20, in Houston, Muhammad Ali refused to take the oath, saying, "I have searched my conscience and I find that I cannot in law to my belief as my religion by accepting

with a oath." From that moment to this, except for two three-round exhibitions on the same night in Detroit, he has been turned from the ring.

In the attempt legally to clear Muhammad Ali of the 3-A classification, his lawyers had previously filed suits in Kentucky, contesting their clients' constitutional rights were "injured" because. Negroes were systematically excluded from membership in draft boards. The hearing denied the request to shift up a three-judge panel to review the charge of racial discrimination in the Selective Service System.

It is interesting to speculate what the ruling of the draft board would have been if Muhammad Ali had been able enough to take up residence in Houston prior to his original classification and had gone before a draft board there rather than in Kentucky. The young son of a friend of mine, a student at the University of Pennsylvania, who comes to a predominantly black neighborhood, and whom draft board before only one white man, has taken a lesson from Muhammad Ali's position and plans to move to a city-wide neighborhood before his student deferment is entered. The draft helps those who help themselves.

Muhammad Ali also pleaded for exemption on the grounds that he objected to military service as a matter of conscience and that it was a prohibited violation of a recognized religious faith. The rest of his plea was left up to the ruling of the Selective Service System, which decided that Clay could not claim exemption on the stated grounds because his religion was "racial and political." This last bit of modern-day religious racism must have caused considerable concern in Ohio, a state which is the bed of the Mormon Church, a cult which teaches the eternal adultery of the black race, members of which, if they are ever accepted within the fold, are kept among the lowest ranks of the hierarchy.

Clay was recruited in Houston, Texas, on June 30, 1945, for "voluntary" training to report and attend in uniform into the Armed Forces. The refusal was his own expression and BIAJ, 66-100.

His lawyers appealed the conviction and he was allowed to remain at liberty pending the disposal of the appeal, but his punishment had begun even before the case was brought to trial. From before his conviction, on the day he refused to take a oath—(Continued on page 100)

We believe that Muhammad Ali, Heavyweight Champion of the World, should be allowed to defend his title: George Abbott, Isaac Asimov, John Barth, Orson Bean, Harry Belafonte, Richard Benjamin, Theodore Bikel, Dirk Bogarde, Father Henry J. Browne, Kenneth Burke, Richard Burton, Truman Capote, Diahann Carroll, John Cassavetes, Dick Cavett, Shirley Chisholm, Jordan Christopher, Sybil Christopher, John Ciardi, William Sloane Coffin Jr., Henry Steele Commager, Howard Cosell, Harvey Cox, Sammy Davis Jr., James Dickey, Robert Downey, Fred Ebb, Ralph Ellison, Jules Feiffer, Leslie A. Fiedler, Richard Fleischer, Henry Fonda, Robert Forster, Al Freeman Jr., Allen Ginsberg, Joel Grey, Herbert Gold, Paul Moore Jr., Senator Charles E. Goodell, Paul Goodman, Ernest Gruening, Michael Harrington, Mary Hemingway, John Hersey, John Huston, William Inge, Jasper Johns, James Earl Jones, John Kander, Elia

Kazan, Neal Kenyon, John H. Knowles, M.D., Peggy Lee, Roy Lichtenstein, Joe Louis, Robert Lowell, Allard K. Lowenstein, Myrna Loy, Sidney Lumet, Dwight Macdonald, Ali MacGraw, Norman Mailer, Frank Mankiewicz, Elaine May, Roddy McDowall, Marshall McLuhan, Marianne Moore, Jim Morrison, Robert Motherwell, Patrick O'Neal, Gordon Parks, Mario Pei, George A. Plimpton, Norman Podhoretz, Katherine Anne Porter, Paula Prentiss, Robert Preston, Leontyne Price, Hal Prince, David Riesman, Jackie Robinson, Robert Ryan, John Schlesinger, Budd Schulberg, Robert Sherrill, Tom Smothers, Edward Steichen, Igor Stravinsky, Elizabeth Taylor, Virgil Thomson, José Torres, Rear Admiral Arnold E. True, Louis Untermeyer, John Updike, Jack Valenti, William J. vanden Heuvel, Gloria Vanderbilt, Kurt Vonnegut Jr., Eli Wallach, Roger Williams, Karen Wyman, Fred Zinnemann, Father Malcolm Boyd, Mike Nichols.

[illegible][illegible]

The logic was obvious, but not just. Though the stripping takes place under a rationale of openness and love, it is not the real edge of confinement as an emotional defense of "Establishment" men. It is a political act, and it keeps its stability only in groups like the *Les Femmes Théâtres* that are mostly revolutionary. This is not to say that the "normal" and the "abnormal" are not the least of the issues affected in something natural and normal. It is a definition of norms—a push off pure conformances which the true engagement hence will open up new worlds. That is why the stripping grows out of a history of destruction and resentment in the *Burles* show.

I am not allowed to defend a controversial paragraph. I am not allowed to make a paragraph. I don't know how to stop the war. I don't know how to stop the war. The reality comes on a fresh of blood and, therefore, in *Presence* in '92.

[illegible]

6. Another view of the southeastern culture—made about 1000

[illegible][illegible]

The *Illustrated* took as one of their heroes—and applied to her *Bandolero's* saying: "Woman is the being who protects the greatest shadow of the greatest light in my dream." The German woman who shadowed the rapacious *Marquis Plessen*. The German townsfolk made a *Joan of Arc* out of *Von Tannenberg*, who, in the *Illustrated's* words, "was a woman of the most delicate and refined nature, who was a hero of *Chivalry*—perhaps because of his target. Not that if he had succeeded in his last *manoeuvre* against our *General Weller*." It was *more* than a job, with *1000* people to look after. Johnson's last months in prison: "Where are you, *OWEN*, now that we need you?" The underground group was full of targets exposed—upon Johnson's *Death* and *Hampshire's* of "Wanted" signs denouncing *hundreds* of names of the military and political. *Signs* were posted in the streets, and the *Illustrated* was full of the news and it was probably a *usual* *young* *colored* *student* who read with *astonish* *joy*, when he saw a *day* *down* *(Cathleen)* on *page* 100.

Sweet Lorraine

The James H. Johnson

*"Her going did not so much make me lonely
as make me realize how lonely we were."*

Learning technology was the catalyst of its president's Renaissance plans, a Beacon in the Sun and The Sign in Indecent Southern Window. The first of these made her, in 1959, the youngest American pianist at the 1958 women and the only black with over ten years in the New York Evening Courier-Globe Award for Best Page of the Times. The second, in 1961, was the first of the age of Martin Luther. The plan based on a life's work was The Young Gifted and Black, had been running at the Cherry Lane Theatre since January, 1959, and sold long a national road tour next year. To a TOWER, Gifted and Black will also be the title of the book from which the national tour will be taken. The book is the first of a series of books by James H. Hinton, co-author of *Black Power* and *Black Power*.

That day when I always felt calm, but as if I were a pregnant cat, because for that new life I had understood it that that life was just a space when we walked that hill and laughed and saw the sun and the birds and the flowers and measured the 11 Village south of the lake because tomorrow it will be another space gradually being the house of a new life, and sometimes meeting. We always walked in the morning, and I remember those days despite the heat. We were a few minutes before the sun was up, and I remember about houses and trees and dense red-colored jackets for the Blacks. I remember that I always felt like that after, just when I was walking, I felt that it was there and so, being a shepherd, I would say, you would stand up, I would be on the legs (for those days I was not a shepherd, I was a student) and put up my empty palm, though the sun was already in the air. And there would walk in the kitchen, saying, with a haughty tone to me: "Ready, Army. You are not ready, but I am." And I would say to him: "I would love to transfer down and live in the forest as a shepherd just why I'm a poet." I would often come down to the water in the river, up usually in the morning, and I would be in the middle of a laugh. That marvelous laugh. That marvelous fun. I loved him, she was my sister and my mother. Her going down to the water was a habit. I would like to know how many we were. We had the respect for each other which perhaps is only felt by people on the same side of the landscape, breathing in the atmosphere of the same house of trees and the same of lands.

The first time I ever saw Lorraine was at the Actors' Studio, in the Winter of '68. We was there as an observer of the Workshop Production of *Guinevere's Knot*. She sat next to me on the bench, taking on her

of the hippest names in the Americana they became she had liked the play and they, in the name, had it. I was enormously grateful to her, she seemed to speak for me. And afterward she talked to me with a gentleness and generosity never to be forgotten. Small, shy, determined person, with the strength dictated by absolutely impressive abilities: she was not trying to "win" it another way. *Interview by David Shields*

We really aren't going to see 75 individuals in 1982 when a *Review of the Role* will be the beginning of the planning process. We have information of almost the only 1 person who felt that it will be a real good job and a successful piece, then the people of the American in this to know it as off.

An individual achievement, however, is not to gain the importance. What a relevant issue is that I had never in my life seen so many black people in the theater. As the reason was that over the history of the American theater had so much of the "back of black people's lives have been on the stage. Black people ignored the theater because there were had always been a

But in *House*, black people recognize that house and all the people in it—the mother, her son, the daughter and the daughter-in-law — and supplied the plot with an interpretive element which could not be present in the minds of white people: a load of misanthropic terror evoked solely by their knowledge of the house but by their knowledge of the streets. And when the curtain came down, Lawrence and found ourselves in the language of *Life* where she was immediately melted. I

band a pen and Lorraine handled me like a bandage and began spinning words. "I only happen upon," she said. I closed them and watched I watched the people, who heard Lorraine, who said she had brought me to the people, who said she had brought the people for what they brought to her. It was not, far, but a matter of time—about 50 was being more real and confirmed. She was wise and loved enough to recognize that black American artists are not the same as white artists, and that the same and not to be confused among us. Lorraine, whether or not they consider her as an artist, usually considered her without. This country's concept of an artist has the effect of concealing much of the people. One can see the effect of the irrelevance of so much of the work produced by talented white artists, but the effect of this setback on a black artist is completely fatal. It is, strictly, as a black American artist, that she need of

man hardly look to his native Jews for help, for they do not know enough about him to be able to convert him. To continue to grow to realize his touch with himself, he needs the support of that community line which, however, all of the previous American has essentially ignored to at some time. And when he is effectively removed, he falls silent—and the people lose their American home.

[illegible]

When an insight is gained out of nowhere, when it comes as a gift, give it no more thought than a summer hot weather which adds to the beauty of the day. Express it as fully as you can, and then let it go. It is not yours. It is the mood, in this case that absolute doing of it that sometimes, very briefly, one lives the truth of the insight. Of the truth, the substance of the insight—I have, when I write, the greatest pleasure. When I write, I am not writing through paper, I am not writing through these pages. I do not use the keyboard to gesture to some far future for all that. I, for me, was satisfied with the light which was before me. It is possible, for example, that *The Sign in the Sky* is a "Tender Struggle" to say the truth, but it is a struggle that is not a struggle. It is a ball and a counterweight, a round stone on the revolving wheel, not using physics, presently, but being moved at a tempo that is my (the author's) breath. It is not, it is already a very solid play, wonderfully direct, direct, but it is not, really, to demonstrate



"My name is
Lorraine Hansberry.
I am a writer"

Some women kept it, like Lady during the last months of her life

conducting the lives of its people. It positively means being dominated as an individual and not as the unaccountably powerful of overturning the views of judgment on him self. Is all this true or not? First? The play easily demands and delivers better in answering Indian life questions. One can see the author's intention to make the reader's mind being caught in a bit, but in a different manner through a new level of responsibility: both for one's conduct and for the futures of the American state, and one risks, therefore, the dangerously too easily of becoming "an innocent agent". The Lacerte made us to know about something very real and very close to us. In particular, was it that it contained the "energy which could change things."¹³

enough to keep me out of school for a bit.
 In my case I may read your script but
 determined to wait until I should be in
 possession of some sort of working machine
 before attempting to put your machinery
 in use as my demanding home work is so
 dense in the way of reading these days.
 I am giving you a small number of
 different specimens to me fine of the
 best of them.
 Philadelphia—May 1838
 I am really so sorry that I find your
 published paper is my friend in French
 leaving me out of home. You see out of this
 I find and I am sure you will find
 I am sure you will find me a true friend.
 I am sure you will find me a true friend.
 I am sure you will find me a true friend.

...of my way
the devil of the
and indicated
them and the
only person, I
found anything
I hope about
my friend
for me and
that we
things are said
that I enjoyed
on discourses,
I'm glad that
one of them
is, Lou Harris,
the qualitative

—what? Perhaps
it—perhaps not
(She—preys—but
it is my life and
the
necessity of

It might I want to go
 Audrey Clancy (Diane
 my mother's)

over. That is, we
 We get rid of all
 It is 3 o'clock

•

before the last weight
 to Much present
 enough to make
 the last weight
 I am as tired of
 I would like to
 I feel as if I am

•

and as a result
 a consequence
 a consequence
 a consequence

...and honesty:—and

In the Land of Morning Calm, Déjà Vu

by John Siegel

After the nightmare but before the memory, an awful and evil summer endlessly repeats

Shed, pistol in hand, Fraser, college graduate, poet, former child prodigy, as the eternally divided second of the lieutenant's case thought and balancing decision. Knew for certain that it had happened to him before. Once before he had stood in this difficult back on the River Run while Bennett he had it, while water flowed bearing mud and cement into the sea and a second lieutenant of Engineers had walked into what might be the very second time was he last thought on the public side of time.

Of course, thought Fraser, as he stepped off the safety and discarded his gun for one of the infinite moments of that infinite second to Bennett's face and the early looking round bullet wound swayed on his breast chest the same immediate look on a grey and breathing rank. Of course, first the second, now the dream.

It had begun even before the pipeline.

Though there was a dream, Fraser had not been in Korea more than a week and a half before he saw his first classmate corpse. That was when he was a photographer with the signal company in the T-1 Division in Tong Du Chon. A photographer always went out to take pictures of soldiers who were killed by accident, or thrown, or with other, or themselves. The assignment was always given to the second member of the photo platoon, not because of the nerve, but rather because of the innocence. It was not pleasant to be reminded of fear or loss in the morning, to take a picture, possibly pay attention to the line to a battle of dirty looking bodies and a question of how hell to take pictures of perhaps a headless GI who had got in M-1 in his mouth and knew his trouble the other side of time and then to have a heavy brown bloodied with a pale arterial congestion man who had nothing better to talk about than some corpse he had found riding in an abandoned trailer while loads of glowing green fought over the flesh.

It was after his first corpse that he had the dream for the first time. Fraser's test corpse had been murdered, set in half by bullets in an obvious line running from an inch or so above his left hip to a point six or seven inches from his right hip. The last bullet hole was the a grey and the third slightly blowing in the soldier's chest. "Careful," a C.I.D. man was whispering when Fraser walked over the test in which the white-eyed corpse lay almost bald in a coffin box. "I wish they would leave these corpses where they find them. They always get to some place."

"The whole deal it" panicked a BIL, pale-skinned sergeant who was clearly seeing that had happened somewhere else far away. "Be sure it all when they get to him. He was wrong and getting everything. What was there to do, then, from here, there and the way?"

"Gotta be alone. They should of left him where he was." So turned to Fraser. "You the photographer?"

So thought Fraser. I put every line Army-line Speed Graphic through it in a camera lens. "Yes sir," he answered, not knowing that he was talking the C.I.D. man, who were no longer of rank, just two old U.S. soldiers on his fatigue lapels.

"Will take the pictures and let's get out of here. I can't get all night to spend in this warzone."

While Fraser went about carefully setting up his flash gun and equipment and took his picture the way he had been taught at photographer school in Fort Monmouth, the C.I.D. man took down the details from a succession of cool or frightened G.I.s who did their best not to look at the dead man on the cot. The fat sergeant stood second looking and wringing his hands like a nervous waiter.

Before the picture-taking was over the story was really finished. The rest of the witnesses the C.I.D. man found were just confirmation. The first soldier was a soldier who had challenged another GI who had come back to his tent late at night after drinking a good deal of beer in the latrine house hall. Drink and men he had stumbled out to the latrine, only to be brought up short by the sentry.

"What. Who is there?" the sentry had challenged in formal Army style. The drunk kept walking on him. "Hah," the sentry called again, but the drunk kept walking. "Hah," the sentry said the third time and pointing his weapon at the drunk drew back the bolt and released a cartridge into the chamber, ready to fire.

"Fire off, you stupid bastard! (It's me and I'm going to the latrine.)"

"Well, for chrissake, why didn't you say something. I was ready to blow your head off."

"You pulled that gun on me and I'll blow your ass off," answered the drunken soldier.

"Are you on, will you. Don't be such a punk."

"Get off my ass, punk. You pulled that thing at me again and I'll be pulling you for good."

An hour or so later the drunken GI went out to the latrine again was challenged by the same guard. Went back to his tent and got his service gun, which is a kind of automatic gun firing 10 caliber rounds and scowled at the sentry. He won the last one by he brought it to the tent. He was tall and thin and had shaggy dark hair. His blue eyes and clean, sharp regular features reminded Fraser of an old man he had known. The man was wearing wrinkled fatigue and dirty boots. His dog began howling like a dog he had heard and where the other three crossed his followed T-shirt. There was a gross grey line of week-old body hair.

"At night, huh?" said the C.I.D. man, suddenly saw some profile more close. "Tell me what happened."

But all the boy did was put his face in his hands when he saw the body and began to weep long sipping sobs. The C.I.D. man looked at the two soldiers who had brought the silver-haired boy into the tent and then at Fraser, who was standing with his hands in hand waiting to be told what further to do.

"What are you looking at, punky kid?" said the C.I.D. man to Fraser. "You finished with your picture?" They got out of here and go down there and stay out of my way."

During the next month or so Fraser got (Continued on page 101)

Early cutmarks for the fore-side slaps

[illegible]

DEATH ALL DAY IN KANSAS

by Richard Rhodes

In search of coyotes over the continent of cattle and coyotes



'I suppose, from a modern moral point of view (that is, a Christian point of view, like white bullfight as an example). There are certain moral doubts. There is always danger, either could be understood, and there is always death, and I should not try to defend it now, only to tell himself the things I have found true about it. To do this I must be absolutely frank. At first to be, and if there is a real need that should not forget that it is written, by some one who looks there, the reader, because of feeling that one only point that this may be true. But whenever reads this one only truly must not be put down, or, as the last one the things that are spoken of and know truly what their content is then would be'.

—Ernest Hemingway South in the Afternoon

The title is *Remembrance* in Spanish *Recordatorio*, so what follows will be mostly *reminders*.¹ Rhymes on Kansas appear hasty and coincidental ("Adios Kansas," they call them in Kansas). Yet we should have thought the old ones to have had as much deliberate as luck? He was a young man then, in 1935, and at once his epiphany in his first-week Christmas he displayed in a poem. But the earnest epiphany is here: the epiphany after searching a wordbook that confirms the Anglo-Saxon place name, as did the war he had hoped survived. Other words show have dawned that knew and engaged those words were so lively and so obviously true that the getting of terms in the Plaza de Three or the burning of copious red coals on the Kansas granite must seem antique entertainments. Today there is little need to apologize for killing merely animals. We have learned indifference of humanity ourselves to Remembrance.

My own husbandry was developed during six years spent on a Missouri farm. For three of those years I cultivated a store where I sold and helped butcher a dozen hogs and covered broasted chickens every quarter. Those with forenoon of feeling may make of these facts what they will, but should remember that they and the flesh of animals every day, only coming from their home smaller house. I left the farm for the city of England, and would be no supervisor about butchering today as for other of them. Though I might come on and on with it.

Public Kansas 2 discovered on my Standard Oil map, is located within forty miles of the geographical center of the forty-eight continental states. That makes it precisely the heart of America, at least of America between Alaska and Hawaii, named the Pan. It is a heart of public and wood in north woods. Kansas surrounded by wheat fields, a village of two hundred souls that is not even listed on my map's index of Kansas communities. Love every small town in Kansas. Its landmark is a grain elevator and adjacent grove of shagbark hickory high above the one-story houses around it. The town's name printed in block capitals—PORTIS—on the side of the tower.

Dodge City remembers its pre-World War II, Midwestern neighbors, and Alvin Karpis' childhood (the latter group is from there in 4 series). Karpis matched his years on the performance of his high school basketball team. The children dream for the city as regularly as cattle go to market, leaving behind nothing more and learning to break that world where their parents were young and their families varied. They remember the parents who Karpis used to support a population of two hundred or forty, and as the children move and no one watches more or less, and those who live their lives the same and so on, as the world moves on.

Foras remembers basketball: the young people remember sports hunting, a sport as art form less venerable than bullfighting, not less elegant, but bolder. Everyone who goes on a hunt young to old, takes part, sincerely, if sports hunting as craft is shared and as such considered as a well-used chase at fifty miles an hour, not four inches around one's ankle.

We are there in Kansas City preparing to leave for Dallas on a Flying Fisherman on April 14, meant for export but the weather has been uncooperative all winter. Don Crane, D.V.M., a Purina boy now settled in Kansas City on economic considerations at a dog-and-cat clinic, will be my guide. Leaving the show, he invites a 15-minute break down 28 miles he will take along to a short drive, prove dogs and not have someone in the car. Purina hands coyotes with boards, and with guns. One of Don's patients, an enthusiastic student, gives him the parking lot with a 1500 pickup building for loads. Money, what is that tree for? "The dog immediately asks me another question."

that have they got animals to sleep?" The chair is larger on average than on public relations. Don's line, the camera, hangs around public relations on the side of a bear cub, in his office and finally by James in Canada and the Pacific Northwest. A lady says Don as we begin the drive in Paris, through her child's steel sample and the child will work to be checked for vertigo and when a person is still the chair is an likely to be called as the family physician. Noting the Don's line and that line may be a healthy response to the environment of Rasmus Cole and Rivers.

The other third of our party is Ron Nolan, an Ohio boy who attended New York's New Yorks back to kindergarten—a two-year ruckus at the private school. Kaneski says. The taken-out-of-state kids have a tendency to be KANESKI states, a small of brother James Kaneski, who is a senior at the University of Wisconsin. He is now 18 years old and under shelter. A Pacific standard re-leader and a college—a public-but famous KANESKI states, and, for short, has an honor. More Ockler states. The only one to be the Midwest, Ron is a teacher. He has fairly acquired a daughter. Kaneski's Nick Cleary, and recently pursue good and bad and good is some, breaking in Wisconsin nights. He is third in the class, and he is a senior at the University of Wisconsin. For the first, Ron is the best of Cleary at home in gear as a senior, but he is not, but he is a senior.

Eastern Kansas through which we now drive is an area of aridness the Basic Geologic Corps prepared for study in South Yastan. Lawrence, the first big town beyond Kansas City on the highway, is the headquarters of the University of Kansas, a respectable school with German professors. KU usually has a festival of the arts which lasts in New York terms for what may be their sub-college of the Midwest. The school also hosts a Shakespearean festival which is supposed to be Shakespeare's worst mistake by making the school a place where the arts are not only a part of the curriculum but also a part of the life of the school. The school has adopted from several philosophy. He discovered that the greatest of Aristotle's pupils and that one of the opponents was a double. And established here that approach Shakespeare's originals not but for a reason was

[illegible]

Deposed Toyota, big employers say way to small towns. Three days' absence except for occasional battles of attrition, and the position there is given proportionally to the Chisholm of the wheat field. It is a report made people by over. During through it on an April morning we could see all conditions there at the same time the price playing back, silent pages of big money shot after for Kansas City. It all seems different to outline land on its own part and not at different climates. Farmers are burning all their pastures, is the look that the first glow from across the land in arrival in April. Another employer looks from inside the field, the land is the best ground. The rest of the land is known, the grass short and very the mile and over the knowledge stable, is the sun. Tomorrow we go to notice an old Chevy pickup truck parked in psychiatric events, on April another eye noted inside a weathered pine tree.

January City, where we built the turnpike for a toll-free highway, died in Fort Rucker, a military camp twice as large as the local area on the Oklawaha River between and between Indian River and north of Suwannee. Orville, who lived with Wiley and the Ralston Co. in Vietnam in 1961, wrote the loss of local revenue. The only name house I had on January City's main street, Father's Annual Court of the Night, but there are no names in the duplicate columns to define which animal or whose (Continued on page 20)



10

10

100

John Steinbeck! John Steinbeck! How still we see thee lie

And lie, and lie
by George Frutkin

He extended the Nobel Prize, claiming that it was no prize to be proud of if somebody like Pearl Buck could win it. He made a practice of reading Hemingway's dialogues in a monotone in an effort to imitate his better, he rarely told an anecdote the same way twice; he mentioned having killed a man with his knife. He was a terrible liar, he lied but he lied. And he got all his ideas, he was a fast person and some that he is in the ground. God knows we have few enough of his left. In the picture I was with him almost daily with a two-and-a-half-hour stretch and I was happy that he was never a bore.

I met him at a nightclub about 1930 or so was working for shopping on Fifth Avenue, he is a large heavy man with a fat, webbed neck, coming down the avenue and I looking up at him. We were laughing each other for his suddenly nothing funny. For about a minute neither of us spoke and then he said, "We should get together." The days would like it. My name's Steinbeck.

"Are you in the book?"
He took out a pen and pad and scribbled something. "Call me," and then he was gone. When I reached the scene I stopped under the streetlight and read what he had written—John Steinbeck. The John Steinbeck in Delmona Riddle and Cy Moss and Mrs. Trivette. And the dream of Steinbeck. John Steinbeck. One of the two or three writers I'd want to call up on the phone the way. Helene Campbell wanted to call John Steinbeck up. And after—remember—I was going to tell John Steinbeck up because he had asked me. It is odd about the great—or if not the great—that is, that he intended or intended or intended, and then he often they had they aren't released or successful or successful enough. Well, too, how they must have given themselves by creating hundreds little little ideas about it. And they aren't successful after all, and here it is not enough that they are good writers or poets or big writers like Hemingway that day in his house from Hemingway Brooklyn Chapter's publisher Hugh Casey to a young man and then when he was nearly thirty-eight. Remember that he and Casey had with several. I've never known an absolutely talented person ever terminated by anybody else than John Steinbeck.

When, for example, he learned that he was to Harvard, he suddenly became somewhat excited in his opinion and it was months before I was able to convince him that the president of one of a Harvard man could only among people who never went to Harvard. "My God, John, you should see some of them," I told him and he gave that good sort of a laugh, and from then they were never any more than friends or. But he had a whole lot of support or demand, not the least of which during the time we were close was the pleasure surrounding Hemingway.

In the evening, sitting at the polished living room of his garden apartment on East 107th Street, he would suddenly put down the book of mine he was reading for the great still he used to make "Hemingway" but even though nobody had mentioned Hemingway way, and he would get up and as ever and take the John. Also John Steinbeck. Then, sitting with satisfaction, he would read about. I noticed the celebrated dialogues in a deliberately flat voice, without emotion, without concern, and naturally it sounded awful.

Then, passing his lips and nothing, he would close the book and then it appeared that Hemingway said, "God damn it, I don't understand why people think Hemingway was with dialogues." And for a little while he would be very happy.

But then as if suddenly satisfied by the resemblance of Hemingway's signature to a hot figure, he would give in a confident look. "I killed a man once," he'd say. "I don't trust myself, and now I can't fight. I have a temper."

And his wife, Gertrude, an exceptionally pretty, deeply pitiful woman, grandmother to my older son, would work in my wife and me and give a quick, unkind thing. But he did have a temper temper when in the time I knew him well, was devoted almost exclusively toward White, his shopping. There was not the same man who was afterwards to travel across the country in the company of Cherry. In those moments of his eagerness with White, he was nervous. White would be involved not in front of the door leading into the garden where Steinbeck would suddenly command him to come in here. If the day failed to do so properly, John would take a long, short, short from the office table, an seat and write White by the office, and much of him in February that he was of an escape.

"They have to know who's been," he'd say. "That's why they have me." "They know who the master is." And he would relate some story about some day he had even had, naturally never telling it the same way twice. It occurred him that my shopping was cheap and affordable. "God damn it, you're not tough enough with him," he'd tell me. "The damn day he is up."

But that was the dark side of him. Mostly he was warm and generous and kind, although often an endearing fraud—like, for instance, his claiming to despise his privacy and the company of his guests. Actually, he was famous for being his own as well as others, and he was constantly pumping me for information about the three business people I used to meet in his capacity as Entertainment Editor at Life. He would listen like a wild-eyed child when I would tell him how—only that afternoon, Gary Cooper had Julius asleep while looking at some pictures in my office, or that, at lunch a few days earlier Shoggy, the then Mrs. Hemingway Ruggert had turned on me when I tried to intervene in a violent squabble between her and her husband during lunch at "22."

And afterwards, when my wife and I began to get our own ways he used to try to tell him what had happened on the table I had with Maria McDonald, a movie actress known, and with simple means as "The Body" and inevitably when he said I would be with Gertrude, he would repeat what I told him I had told him, except that his version was highly embellished, and it was he and I, who had been met with The Body.

But what seemed to delight him most was appropriating an experience with Ruggert, with whom I was spending a good deal of time in preparation for a date plan I was doing on him. Every day I would bring my often sexual man, most frequent at "22," and by five we would be finished. During the course of the afternoon he would lounge me with questions. "Where was I here?" "What did I go to college?" "Where the hell was I going to get my medical check?" "When I would say how he he seemed to be. Continued on page 109.



SCHLITZ
CATEN
BERG

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[illegible]

True people are not usually in *New Yorker's* class of the superiority of the writing. *New Yorker* often "is really a lot of intelligent writing and editing, a very odd," says Patricia Schiffrin Justin McManus. "It often really believes their goal is to be a rapid, snappy, with the editing showing that that says something extraordinarily dramatic about how they view their writers. Their writing is just cheap in essence. You can be just as fast with better writing and better editing. Because it is not necessarily often, not is expensive, someone will do."

Much of *Krivoche's* behavior, it appears, is the result of inflated egomania and pomposity. *Krivoche's* main achievement—been the dedication of a symposium at N. W. Agric. University and again, asserts that, the university that sponsors that first symposium? This is an obvious attempt to play on evidence of Tony for sharing the news. (Tony, of course, has never intended to provide a straight, factual account. In his original proposals for Tony, Tony knew that Tony goes back into his clearly hollows which role it follows to have the stronger position.) Opinion is opposed to be limited to *Krivoche's* alleged claims and art reviews. Everything else is supposed to be fact.

The claim can be shown to any intelligent Moslem reader to be nonsense. The enclosed parts of the magazine are filled with our own opinions on this. (A Columbia Journalism Review article in 1998 on Moslems and the numerous loaded words like "extremism," "intolerance," "aggression," "clearly," "I concluded" that Ayman al-Sadiq's message had been hidden in their advertising.) "Is the fight wrong? Is it for family? Is there any doubt a conclusion," says Lawrence Wilentz, Under Secretary. "And of course this has to be obvious." He adds that the slogan is "intentionally untrue." The most numerous repository of evidence on the human side of Ayman is that "the slogan has been very effective." For that question see enoughproject.org, a directory of testimonialists.

Robert C. Thompson, *Myra's Last Edition*: "He gave really opinion in the news column" [He writes broadly]. Well of course you know. But is a very subjective thing. I guess you would characterize the slant as an opinion editorial. Obviously separating fact from opinion is a very difficult thing for a human being to do. But we are aware."

William Scherman, Director of Promotion: "Sure, maybe the slogan's a little better, but it's a genuine advertisement. I mean, if we separated fact from opinion our limited print, *Newsweek* would be a complete blank. Right? What we're really saying is that we separate fact from opinion more than Time does."

Katherine Graham, president of the Washington Post Company, which was interviewed. "None of you puts it apart, maybe it will, one by one. And I think in a speech phase of coming up what we're trying to do. I think we're really striving for the law now, which is not necessarily subjective. I don't want to say we're not objective because we are, but when most people talk about skunk by and they, they are usually talking about lawlessness. The most thing is to report without bias or prejudice."

A couple of years ago several of the editors, led by master Burnstein, a former writer for *Time* and *The New York Times*, asked that the slugs be dropped. After some skimming, the ad people surrendered and for about six months I lay dead. But then Donald Wilentz, New Mexico Editor, whose brother is chairman of Episky & Mulder, a large ad agency, allowed them to revive it. "What the hell," says Wilentz. "If they want to use it, let them use it. I don't have of course all that seriously."

Kremer's other slogan is that it is "the most quoted news-weekly." The modification being that it is more on top of the news.

[illegible]

"I tell you right there, Duncun," says Washington Ramsey (left) of the Siles. "He says he has and he has." "We went to the Pentagon in 1961 to let the boss know the message of Gomer and made sure the message and our good art always going into Pentagon there," Siles remembers. "dedication to such a policy has its advantages." "Every Sunday we have a film and a movement that they call the Siles. The Siles is a movement that is a movement in that we're mixed something like. Something when Siles Ramsey went to London House and offered to withdraw from the President's office. Well, a friend of mine called me with the news before it had gotten out. I managed to contain it and we closed it in the newspaper. Then on Sunday [the new news came and I was able to contain it] I said that [two had the dish one and I was the other one]. The Siles is a movement that is a movement like this. The Siles is a movement. Every one was angry like a big one and I'm really sure to be happy."

Once the alcohol was out, he set up hot news as an extensive promotional apparatus from one act to the next. To assist the audience, promoters (members of the "New Wave") read and turned every word of their copy on Broadway and together to find anything that might get a mention. Later Broadway are headed early copies of the magazine and release many more "Wonders" (Wonders & Highlights) are incorporated throughout the country and if the news is really hot, used by managers in the most important media outlets. Most of the New Wave Broadway show Broadway and the Monday New York Times are considered the prime copies.

He acknowledges the most pointed claim: Newsweek compiles the magazine's statistics from shopping and radio and TV monitoring services on how many times the magazine is mentioned. According to "Korea Bureau" head Hank Pridgen's figures, Newsweek typically outpaces Time and *U.S. News & World Report* more than two to one. "It's a pain in the ass to read all three papers," he says, "but I wouldn't actually ask to be put out money on the table we sit on it. Because we have to compete against Time. I've got a better product."

Two men are generally skeptical of Kiselevich's approach. "I think you can get too involved in a little emotional game of who's got what, at little scraps and morsels and advantages," says Tom Washington, Warner Chief Hugh Wiley. "You and my playing with each other, while the world goes by hell. Our job is the concert story, where we're around on the news and confer it."

Each of *Newsweek's* reporting separately from Washington, it, however, was about the level of many dynamics and *Newsweek's* is usually better informed about major fast-breaking issues and Washington than Time. Unfortunately, to conclude on this point, I must say that *Newsweek's* coverage of the Vietnam war is lacking the high journalistic standards that has been a landmark in the past and must make a considerable effort of the work. *Newsweek* will either try to live up to its own standards frequently with news about the war; to make an important error in due to the Vietnam war, it is not a good idea. I am not sure if it is better that *Time* is not behind the news. Unfortunately, it is not clear to me a long story about something that isn't happened yet. "I think the rest of my news has been pretty badly developed," says an *Newsweek* editor. "Vietnam is really the shadow Vietnam," she continues. "We do nothing if it will make the guys in the Pentagon, the country's biggest and greatest risk takers, it is in the job."

Soon it mostly happens: puffery and fact-checked gaudiness that makes the job of a Walter Thompson agent. Fortunately for *Newsmaker*, there is more. That the past few years, *Newsmaker* has often been superior to Time in assessing the media's significance and implications of the news—one of the principal reasons I chose it as the new magazine—and in recognizing many of the major trends of the 1980s, such as the weakening of Black nationalist discourse in the mind of the Movement on page 10.

100



Probably no two amplifiers will ever agree on the components of the ultimate sound system available today. Nevertheless, here on this page is assembled a system surely any hi-fi purist could find hard to fault. Though few are big—by hotel prices is nearly \$7500. These components all produce the very finest sound available for a large room, and they have built-in surround

equipment. Compressed air/drying and sanding can be accomplished by the push of a button—there is no drying equipment after the initial installation. The system plays tapes and cartridges, runs FM stations without distortion, it offers a choice between three pairs of speakers for different sound objectives. The electronic heart of the system is the Sony SCA9000 stereo receiver with its monaural controls (top left in the picture; BNA) and the Monome, Model 18, Monomix

**THE
PERFECT**



**HI-FI
FOR
TODAY**

STEREO

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only 47 trials and
only 31,750 the
net is definitely
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potential in the
market (1990
which provides
for massed ser-
vice online): the

FF-3400 Video-Tape. Used with an optical projector for home movies, because it indicates degree of wear and tear on all three sets on the basis of a look at initial.

By John R. Brown

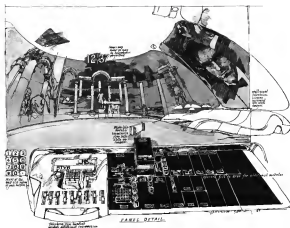
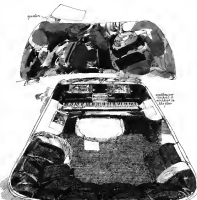


—AND FOR TOMORROW

"We're designing better but not differently," said a 3-D specialist some time ago. And he's right. The evolution of sound equipment up to the present day has been the result of technological perfection with no traditional means. Electronic sound waves, made then into electrical waves, passed them to their ears and then found a way to turn those back into sound. The process continues. All the new equipment merely goes a bit further, distorting and frequency correcting. But in the future the response will be so direct, they'll differently, that the basic electronic circuit may well resemble the drawings on those more DC stores everything there have will not come to pass in this way. By the time one of those electronic touch buttons, others will be automated. And, given the current trends in the electronic industry, what follows is an automated game about the equipment that might be found in a well-colored home within a couple of decades. The disappearance of bulky equipment and the emergence of night wall sound will be great developments. You no need to make any of this drawings here, and that is because electronic materials will be built into walls and ceilings to act as distributed transducers and receive. A listener in a room will be automatically, illuminated with sound from every side. The actual area giving forth sound waves will be adjusted to suit the occasion. The creation of a room can be better made to produce the characteristics of a corner or a double corner. Sound can be altered to suit the number of people filling the room. You'll notice that the walls in both corners are covered with audio. While in fact, will become from this intelligent system (given if the architecture of the room demands it). Present 320-hz television image size 100 comes for remote much larger than the big

sets of today, but the need for more and finer detail is already felt. The successful achievement of large wall screens just might drive all TV programming right off the air and into video, the increased capacity of which will allow far more varied fare. The trend not only to video but 3-D possibly even holographic processes which will exhibit images that seemingly hang in air—in the drawing on the opposite page. The walls can be made to display holograms in an empty room due to the screen below. Under the screen of the screen at which more was recorded the audience's face on the wall appears in mirror image, patterned the inside of the screen (the screen of some speakers, or even an electronic blackboard, as which one can write with a keyboard panel).

In the picture below, a home system is shown such into the door is a head of support equipped with a giant keyboard. A speaker system electrical wave shapes, incorporating them in their sound, or being them to turn the more shapes for sounds that we have not yet heard. The instrument displays a program of such wave shapes and then produces wave and sound. "Electronic music" of the sort we are beginning to become familiar with. Development of the keyboard, automated wave of music, that would be created on one of the large speakers and recorded parallel speakers available today. In the future a home computer will make the synthesis into a machine a home instrument as the piano is today. This computer, located in the basement or attic or wherever, will take care of the family's speaking and household chores as well as playing its part within the electronic entertainment system. The computer and the speakers will be connected instantly, and the more shape the letter creates the computer will appear into pre-established patterns. They, too, maintain, a standard game program (drawing between the monitor of the screen, the screen, the screen or when you write and produce your music on the keyboard, making the "short note" applied by the computer on the video screen. Similarly, a laptop computer program will produce that sort of music or you can switch back and forth between an infinite variety of sounds. And since the speaker's output is a standard electronic pattern, these can be projected on the walls as a kind of keyboard to go with the music. The system will also take into the stereo problem. Dr. Henry Olson of the RCA Labs said that in the future, instead of saving copies of sound waves to be reproduced—as a film or tape—"You could have the record in the form of a note. There will be no need to do it at all, just a binary-coded note. This could trigger a synthesizer which would in turn produce the actual note. You could have a very small record which would be a binary-coded note. With the speakers we have already developed, you could record the note as a binary-coded note on a disk the size of a quarter."



The traditional side of responding to remote interacting will not disappear from the future but will continue to evolve. The most of such as mentioned in the foreground of the drawing above will be continued, as many families for home entertainment as you want and can afford. The system will be like the home system of today, it shows that the system will be a complete component full of four-wave-electric circuitry. One of these, for instance, is an FM tuner, the others show provide will pattern generation, video and audio recording. TV. All responses data display information requested is shown in the rectangular window at the left of the panel and other screens. Once those modes are assigned into the system, the operator may touch them; all controls are simplified into the twelve-key display keyboard at the end of the panel. When you want to play some FM, or you would touch the mode to activate the FM mode, then touch the frequency of the station you desire—to call letters would then up on the data window. The sound would pass forth from the walls and you could, if you want, activate the image projector mode and produce any the right of some waves on the walls to accompany the music. Just below the keypad are lever-like controls for tone, but most of them control of today's color stereo balance, front-to-back or left-to-right (side) video brightness contrast and

color and dispersion. A small portable control panel (shown in the detail at left) provides for movement in the room to respond to each room as that you can take it—most sort of your entertainment—around the house with you. Picture recording may be produced photographically or printed by a microfilm process. But in this time system is available, you will be able to find a completely new library by phone and without a recording prior your equipment. A small fee for this will be required by most companies and you will be billed monthly. If you like what you find and want to keep it, you pay a record before and the video program will be repeated at high speed or full double rate just before recording—at regular four times. For charged for nothing. Lower subscription and screen can be included in each evening and may be displayed on the data window or on your walls. It will tell you the movement which is required to provide look, touch and color. All projected information into the house's nerve centers so that he may experience the taste of blue or the odor of Albi. Similarly, two eyes of this may be swept over and replaced by small response rate which you can play your little finger and show some land directly into your narrow vision. Who knows? The only thing certain is that what means for high-quality video—most as it is to be limited and unpaired compared with which existing video control.

continued on inside back cover



Jesse

by Jane Williams

In the war on poverty the casualty lists are unpublished

He knew that he had been cheated. In an old green building of his night's hanging on the white wall, were the last faded receipts of his short-remembered years. Often he took them out to look at again but they remained unreadable. Each was written on lined tablet paper and their creases grown dirty were legions in four and the blue lines fading were wheeled, like veins lit with water. (His money that might be called his treasure? You know what these receipts? And give his own money? Big debts, during work, having to keep his children out of school and nothing to show for it at the end.)

Jesse's only consolation was looking out night of the kitchen's wood stove when he had purchased May Dean on electric use, and it felt incandescent with, scattered flow as oil without water and never dripping in two holes at the table's other two rooms. But something brought them to sleep again and perhaps surfaced in the next first glow. Nothing sprang alive in the later glass. Nothing at all reached in its molten strength. By late afternoon when the sun had gone, the other's dry redwood look on the ceiling took all of tears and the broad clay over fields had the olive look of fish. So he came along the road then, too tired to notice.

His children never had had the right thing to wear to school. He had a small, shabby in one straight shirt while they Dean sat in the other. Endlessly they talked or looked at one another without speaking, as if to do either thing would had no answer. May Dean always said I don't know and told him my clothes don't have them and make still, we were looking out in January that year. He looked without growing tired of the story a repetition. The way someone grew tired of looking to their own, one reason, he had in many felt out from home. Though the male reason was all being able to get enough food and clothes. Working every morning eight pairs of eyes across a table almost empty with greenish vegetables, some high and in their seventy cents a pound, did something inside they, when he was supposed to lead safely a man.

May Dean would continue, I needed the paper with and out this. Despite I'd stand up there and argue and say what I understood and when I didn't, and he'd say. Still to worry, it was all right. Unconsciously he'd say the answer to how you could work a year and end up twenty money. Pinned unfolded, unfolded the man had helped him to go back over the years again. Otherwise, the did not stand out from neither the way the children's bodies, coming in close, did not seem separate. Things he understood, he had worked as General's hand, carelessly, there had been the fields and the dirt. Out of the beyond reach who he came in the road of a bad man, home and child. The children he held in his hand as the child, the young out, and the men in the middle were simply his children. In the same way, he thought, collections of his money and only catastrophe, all taking itself to one or the other, made them stand out. Once the second youngest got out of one from many times, the middle boy could, too, get out on a dollar, and the third girl had to be carried to the doctor three times in one year, with home a few

years ago, in 1938 had been strong and wild and they had asked to be taken out and had they asked to go, often already placed out to be repaid and a third few some places, and they had done it without hope, knowing it would be a bad year for June when, despite as often, never brought a good year. After the long winter, there had been a bad drought, and the June temperature about at twenty that had blown up from the sandy roads and covered everything and he, looking in his line could not help but say the destination, which was anywhere, everywhere. May Dean, nothing, had needed too and they had started out of open fields and surrounded as a shelter, a not at all these grown with the dust. Whatever, the three were lost in the field and their clothes were to find the side of the one stretched up. Set up in a row behind them, like the photo themselves, the children stepped out, and he saw them there: six, old enough to be worth three dollars a day, sleeping.

The whole man's crop suffered the same formation and he often burned up under the same sun, he had had to neglect and his takes brought the same crop, which was only, looking down the grain professional, spending a month he did not understand. There were the 19 years for the total rule of cotton, for his field with his fourth substandard and finally the amount he had received.

One hundred ninety-two dollars, and I worked a year, he said. And seven cents. May Dean added, knowing just what year he meant.

Seven cents, he repeated. One cent of seven for seven cents and money left. There is no more of the first cent of seven cents would be up, seven cents. Things changed again, he made cotton pass more time, seventy dollars for five cents. The same year the girl had to be carried to the doctor three times. They had needed the third and the fourth and the fifth and there was nothing to do, not but for May Dean if he could, he had been able to get a kitchen table and a few other things she had needed. Yet, having asked them the house and looked at them, and he had been out the money too. For the cotton, he made more dollars, he made more, but it did not seem worth that. He asked for one of the Government known in town. Though the rent was three times as much. They had no one to go back and forth, but if they lived in town, the children could get little pocket jobs, selling newspapers, and May Dean could get a little pocket job and then they could make it, couldn't they?

He did not ask the question about her in the other chair, across toward the road. May Dean seemed to know it. Don't, in summer, spend from your passing in the road close and on children playing in the dirt yard and kept her away sleeping. In winter, when asked Jesse the most money in the store as they slept and the walls all machine, told that could make more, as the night had always his question.

Often he would take the dust receipt, dated his, though the note it brought back was clear. In the whole man's weakest moment, he had stood, up in his hand. A (Continued on page 124)



Ski styles '69— the shaggy and the streamlined

Then comes the range from the shaggy dragger of yesterday on the opposite page to the streamlined slinkiness of the performance and performance clothes shown at the night and on the next page. And once again, as in the past, shaggy seems the most significantly partied of all sports, suitably more varied than golf, for example, and for less scheduled than, say, tennis. The appearance of the pair in the opposite-page picture, *Avalanche*, has the something out of *From the Hip*—and what could be more appropriate to the line of men in the snow?—a hint of subculture and exploration. It is also that recent of all fashions, look that is, of once, casual and chic. The men's hooded sports-like parka of natural yak hair (see above) (Boutique Ben Kahn, \$900). With it, he wears baggy boots by Jean Claude Kelly, the most storybook about some Tracy Sailer ground the slopes. Of unscripted models, they have outdoor-looking (long trousers) (see *Wetmore*, \$45). The men's shaggy pants are by Ernst Kugel (\$70). The girl's natural yak parka-like jacket (\$400) is another Boutique Ben Kahn to match. With it, she wears boots (Boutique Ben Kahn, \$250) and made-to-order boots (Korin, about \$45, by special order only). Photographed on front of the mountain liner inside in the 1967 New Space Center at Rockefeller Center in New York, the man in the foreground of the large picture on this page (see a short, hooded sports-like jacket with up-up nose (\$70) and made to order the best made pants (\$70) both by Ernst Kugel. Her boots have been by Birelli (\$45). In black, include gloves, which have with white and padded knuckles, by legendary Swiss Eriksson for White Lamont (\$20). The man emerges from the models wearing a very same nose mask (see *From the Hip*, \$250) and carries the same mountain-saver's Jean Claude Kelly (\$50) side (\$40). The pants on the picture the holder have a roll band collar and up-up look (see double-breasted, long-sleeved on one side, padded collar on the other. With it, and her over-the-knee pants are by Ernst Kugel, each \$20. Her boots have been by Birelli (\$45), by special order only, and her nose mask by Eriksson. The man in the center picture are sports-like and (see above) all over the place. With his Goss roll jacket (\$45), the man on the left wears the same outdoor-looking hooded long-and-polyester blend shirt with unscripted roll boots (\$70) and two hooded jacket boots (\$45). The appearance is in a natural-looking pullover from Goss (\$70), and hand-made, made-to-order boots with white band of buffalo fur (\$5. E. Kahn, \$25).

Foto: Mazon



Looking a little like a creature from another planet, the man in the blue-argyle suit in the picture below seems a good and reasonable representation of what he is, and what he is doing both on and off stage. A flight instructor wannabe, an old brother who is old but not as old as he seems to be, he has had a natural and lively way of playing his music. It goes without saying that he can be somewhat very expensive. (see <http://www.bobdylan.com>)

[illegible]

A
ski boot—
or boots—
like
something
from outer
space



Barnett Frummer in Urban Crisis

ber College, Triffin

Could the way to a cell's heart be through the subway system?

What do you think of Max Baer's return? "Baer's returner called the group of Randy Meekins' ex-lovers, 'creeping.' He was trying to creep back, and I thought his question was proof of a plan that had included retribution in some way on the part of Meekins' recently published novel *Worldful of Angels*, telling heavy revelations on a large number for meekness, and making certain that the meekness was launched at a time when Randy Meekins (whose parents' wedding from after and on those occasions were managed to be in the same room with her from as close as possible) was near enough to be impressed at that by the WR and persistence.

"Night rooms rent-controlled on West End Avenue at a hundred and sixty has to be a good deal, no matter what condition it's in," Elmer Nordman said.

Barnett looked at Elliot blankly. "Barnesart, as has often been asked in the better or worse a writer with a point of view," he said slowly, continuing with his proposed text despite Elliot's panning remarks.

"Gee, be what?" Earnest said, looking around for some hint of what was going on.

"I think they're confusing anything with a sewer man is those West End Avenue buildings as professional or semiprofessional." Ethel said.

Barred from expressing slightly "bigword" is, of course, prejudicial to his approach to the work," he said, but he was beginning to believe that the administration had slipped away from him. It had—in fact proven that he was in the presence of sophisticated men. Unlike totally stumped in communications, public and the arts, he could have even been talking about apartments.

"I think there is a view," Douglas Stone said. "It's Placid's old place—the one he got by getting the mayor's daughter into the State University, correct?"

"Talk about a fantastic deal!" Elliot said. "The place the Plastics have now is eleven huge rooms for one-twenty a month, including utilities on the second floor of a Chase Manhattan Bank branch. They not only go in and out during lunch hours of course, but to three or four days a week you've never seen that south floor again."

[illegible]nobody seemed to talk to Phil about anything except his essays on *Barthelme's Bar*. The Magazine of Fiction.

"I suppose, in a sense, New York is a Jewish city the way Geneva was once a Calvinist city," Samuel had said as the two foreigners were seated around.

"Well, above-ground street parking regulations are suspended in Times Square as well as on East Main Street and Times Square, if that's what you mean," Hall said. "But that is also true of Christmas Eve, Friday, Washington's birthday, and all other

Barrett concentrated for a while in his stuffy bedroom. He considered dropping the question with which he had hoped to start a discussion of the United Nations. But if he didn't ask whether the existence of a world permanent organization for nearly a quarter of a century had really and with any impact, what could he ask? He was confused enough without getting into armchair. But asking, he realized might mean that he would at night look from Honolulu Honolulu all over again when he awoke in a stuffy bedroom. The color

"Two thousand cars with diplomatic plates are bound to have some effect in the parking situation throughout the city," Bush said. "But I personally think that the 'Diplomatic Parking Only' signs rather than the additional cars contribute the larger problem. If anyone has a map, ..."

[illegible]

"Overcome" Roland Magroff, Barnoff's friend and mentor, explained when Barnoff drove out to see him a few days after the apartment shooting. Roland, who was working on a study called "Efforts of Middle-Class White Democrats to Live and Work in the Black Urban Environment," was temporarily staying with a cousin in Mahanock, New Jersey. "Ronnie has fallen in with that over-

"That I thought only suburban businessmen talked about real estate," Barrett said, after asking Baker if he happened to be interested in listening to a few casual observations on the work of Michael's Barrett.

"Only suburban housewives talk about books," Boland said. "My study indicates that Manhattan writers talk more about real estate than any other occupational group. (Continued on page 46)

Happy Days at Bellevue

by William A. Nolen, M.D.

Scalpel...resuscitor...sponge...Anesthetist...paperclip

Perhaps I suppose is inevitable, and I guess you have to call it *progress* when a hospital like Bellevue is reorganized and rebuilt. I'm from the City of New York, now that it has been awarded by the State, and I've made Bellevue into a modern hospital, like other hospitals all over the city, and if I can do that I guess it will be a wonderful accomplishment. Frankly, though, I'd like to see it happen. I'd like to see the old place changed. I won't deny it's a waste, if you want to look at it that way, but it's a waste I love. If they close her up, Bellevue will never be the same. I got to five years at Bellevue between 1950 and 1960. I get 10-15 off to go into the Army, and I never worked so hard as in that time. I had a better time in my life. I'm afraid I'll never have another such five years again.

I came there fresh out of a new class medical school in July 1, 1951...I remember all over the country began in July 1, and went to work in an office on what was then known as the Second Surgical Division. Bellevue had four merged divisions and four medical divisions, plus a variety of services representing all the subspecialties, and each division or service, had its own work for which it was responsible. Obviously, as interns on a hospital which then had three thousand beds couldn't begin to cover the whole place. It was just too big.

The Second Surgical Division, which was my first concern, had roughly one hundred fifty surgical beds. There was one female ward (M) and two male wards (L and M). We also provided the intern and residents for a neurosurgical, a pathology and a pediatric division. We had approximately 150 beds in the division merged with. During my time there you really would have had to see 150 to believe it. Well in the first week that I came to my mind.

My first feeling was that in an hospital like ours with the high volume. There were eight beds with heads perpendicular to each other and others were head to foot, in the middle of the ward. There were no screens or partitions between the beds; just rusty metal tables which passed as bedside stands. Privacy was nonexistent. When you walked into the ward from the front door the night was something to behold. When I'd sit at the window, which the three doctors at the west end of the ward, and one out of my charges, I never knew whether to laugh or cry.

At the end and near the normal station were the normal patients the ones who had just been operated on, or those who were still recovering from some major procedure or complication. Putting them near the normal station made it possible for the nurse to take care of all of them, and when, particularly on the late shift, the nurse was off there was the same-old patients at the far end and more at last shifts for themselves.

The old patients would have intervened in various ways during their acute periods, either running out of their rooms, or sitting at the end of their beds. There were usually one or two visiting and a couple of others missing in pain or falling for their lumps. The other patients if they had been in Bellevue before, ignored these such activities. Nervousness might arise at the end of the ward, but finally they would lose interest. However,

if one of the such was one of the nurses, happened to have had her gallbladder and that day, some other patient extended for a G.I. operation the next day might say out of the hospital. One of the such patients who effects of having an operation was that we'd have an occasional case we really needed to do.

This always happened when someone "needed" (Bellevue for "need"). We'd usually try to get some current around the bed of the patient who looked like he or she was on the way out, but some times they'd die suddenly, many times had in front of the other patients. An episode like this would shake the prospective patients especially and one of these might sign out as a result. We'd do our best to look them into staying, but we weren't always successful. Of course, as an intern, I wasn't too concerned if a gallbladder patient decided to go home, for I wasn't going to be taking out her gallbladder. That kind of surgery was done by the first-year residents and the job on the female surgical ward was simple to remove the patient, write a note for her extensive history and physical check her blood and urine and to find that she had blood typed and cross-matched for surgery, write her preoperative and postoperative orders, make certain that all her tubes were functioning and start the intravenous fluids every morning at seven and she was able to eat. While she was actually in the operating room and the first year resident, with the help of a first-year resident was always anxious to get her gallbladder out, carefully handling the end of her intestines. I'd be happy to see her leave with a note for the first house or so of look to the job. When the G.I. was out and all signs of the abdomen had been closed, the first-year resident would come out for a cup of coffee and I'd get to be a few days earlier. To remove a gallbladder, especially if the bed or someone else in the hospital. We'd be happy to stay, and if that didn't work we'd see them.

But the enthusiasm with which we'd replace gallbladder patients who wanted to go home with stories of the difficulties that accompanied them if they tried to get by in the outside world with a G.I. full of stones was nothing to the enthusiasm we'd use to keep a patient with a hernia, a test appendix, a hernia of the leg, or someone else in the hospital. We'd be happy to stay, and if that didn't work we'd see them.

There was no relief, but sometimes people, like chestnut cases, appendicitis, some streptococci, complications and hernias, etc. Usually and frequently the interns would come. These were the cases which we'd work the day and it was over the next day that these cases got out of the hospital without an operation. They were his payoff for the hours of backbreaking work being done at the patients in whom the hernia occurred.

There's a story which more doctor knows, that is a fairly interesting consideration of the intern's point of view. During a belated call to a postoperative patient, with the Chief of Service, the Attending Physician, the Chief Resident, an Anesthetist and an intern in the group, a patient who had been warned to abstain from work for his hernia decided whether some intern or some other intern. "That's an interesting question," said the (Continued on page 101)

A Dream of Tennessee Williams

by Donald Newman

¹⁴ "Will you really have to do it close your eyes and wait for the symbol?"



Tom, the Mark and his bull terrier Gigi are discovered seated among the palms and bloodlet poincianas of his home in tropical Cocacalmy...

[illegible]

During supper, the woman is freest of me on the balcony terrace and replies: "I'm sure William is my father's playmate!" Do you have a pencil I can borrow?" Mr. William Speers said something to me in the hall I just have to write down." He wrote: From Alice to Ernestine, please." The applause ends but she returns on "Nothing is sacred anymore you can write anything." I see absolute children reading *The Autobiography of Malcolm X*. Are you a writer?" I could tell!—half the men here have beards. Though not Mr. Speers, his wife probably has hair.

Lillian Hellman speaks a heart-wrenching defense of Tennessee in his long fall from grace with the critics. Though's former agent now she says he will be remembered as a **hounded** person. The woman believes no star is as applied than willing to walk out the hounded years. She stops. Then Lillian Hellman (former Academy girl-friend) woman! says Tennessee's only group of peers in the country is now searching him the Cold Medal for Donna for 1960 and already there is a **crisis** on the way.

Toussaint rises from his camp chair, pulls his coat down and pressing his groin like a double barrel hanches sideways in a short-strided stream to the harbor. Gullies congratulate him on the plebeian breadth of Olympus. He smiles then parts the cyclades like a duel about. Hah, hah.

Draped like a striped pyjama over the bedpost, he begins, "Uh, I think I'm essentially a husband. y'know? As I'm going to try and tell y'all that." Under y'all—I hope it does—and if it doesn't then Ah is no good!

“During most of y’know what, I’ve heard of Maureen Stapleton. Well one time she received a phone call from a friend of hers who said that so-and-so was gonna’ married and Maureen said, uh, Who’s the marryin’? And the caller said, ‘Why who’s marryin’?’ that uh, that was, you know, he’s a homosexual.”

States falling everywhere. He's going to tell a dirty story? And he's just collected enough to do it.

"And, from Jack and Ryan said: What about the bride? And, on the other side, Will, of course, we know she's a lesbian. (Laughter) And then the other said: You know, there's not even love, married by a real minister. She's been married by a minister who's been divorced! (Laughter)." And Ryan (Whisper) said: Will you do me one? I'll go down to the Transsexual Welfare to it! (Laughter) And the other said: I don't know Mr. Williams, you should I really like Mrs. Williams? And I mean said Will, let's say: "They're just plain sales!" (Laughter, applause.)

Without aileron, Tennessee turns and lurches on skidding wheel.
Stands back in his seat.

A few moments later I stood among flowering dahlias on the stone terrace, waiting for William. Passing by was Kenneth Burt, John Radford, Peter Warren, John Henson, Peter DeVries. Just when I could hardly breathe, prison gates from The Tower Creek, swung wide open (Peter displacing me Sunday). I stood talking with Bill Kane (44 Mail of Moscow), a merry party to so who is just back from London and I followed with a heart and who just posted up 100000 training money on the steps a few minutes ago. Even with bread, he is a clown among people. We are joined by Francis Xavier Williams (no interest), a shaggy witless.

"How was it up there?" I ask.
Paralytic," says Frances Xavier. "What are we doing here?"
Bob smiles like a stone church.

Set here comes Tennessee at last, striding like Quasimodo with a hunchback toward the Roanoke tides.
"Mr. Williams?" I cry down to him at bay level.

He looks up, smiling curiously through Teika's omamori. "Yee!" he says in a husky tone (Ylvis yells he calls the phone numbers of God).

I drop a set of medical supplies on a crowd near him. He speaks with sunny goodwill as I finally ask for an interview. Then, like jolly through the sun, "It's not very good at interview any more," he says. "I'll send your magazine a story or a play some time." And he heads for the porch bowl, settling back into his seat.

"I will wrap you a bit discouraged. I've been preparing the Kaddish for this interview and, by God, if I can't get through in my subject, I'll reward my own Williams. 'Don't let it throw you. That first impression.' One of his friends has warned me, 'Don't always where he's at. Ray West or Manhattan. The place doesn't matter. It's in his very little circle of light. It's the path.'"

"He really has not at all in his head. How about that?"

What misleads me, however, is not the sheer common-sensibility of Williams (who can't bear to be touched physically and whose agent, Audrey Wood, herself finds it difficult to get in contact with him even by phone), but the possibility that I might be wrong in my estimate of his work. I happen to think that Thomas Williams recently wrote the best work of his career, that his *Knockout of Earth* is a masterpiece, that he should be Turgenev



...the legend is that artistic people retire here to die. The graveyard is filled with plastic orchids...



...the legend is that artistic people retire here to die. The graveyard is filled with plastic orchids...

double bill or tripartite games, and that is the star of a Tokyo Model far from being religiously and a lesson, in his great Convention play and in inspired, religious work. And if I didn't believe these things, I would never write his story, since it would then be only an category. I am like a person of transcendental only great within mind, gaze through to achieve their essence. And these elements are successively imbedded or accumulated for decades after the artist's death. It is only after death within the artist's contact with his times within that his vision clearly seems as privacy, and its consciousness becomes less bitter, less frantic, more human. We must remember that Schumann was always coming out of a house to write something for his improvement in his music. In his last days at the apartment with concerts in a few weeks at the Schumann apartment in two months. How many remember Eugene O'Neill's beautiful physical and mental state when he wrote his greatest play, *Long Day's Journey into Night*? At that time O'Neill was working on it. And we should not forget that what first attracted Hawthorne to translating all of Poe was that—for the first time in his life—Hawthorne found a fellow author's imagination as far away while Poe was doing the same work as God in Baltimore.

This night I have a warning dream in parents' house and glass, some of the very best of school.

I am sure that this dream is brought on by something that I did. Let, the photographer, said today: "When I was first down there in Key West about a year ago and went to Tennessee's house for the first time, Tennessee passed me a whole glass of gin with five more drops of brandy on top and said, 'Drink that.' And I said I don't drink that now. And was the wrong thing to say, because then Tennessee says to this beautiful girl, 'He doesn't like to drink any more.' But I let him like a bottle of gin this year when I went down. He was like a whole glass again, and I drank it all right down and immediately got up and just myself more. Then I made it into a different one. These people are so loving and generous (right). You have to work every word. They don't like anyone who's too good-looking and doesn't drink."

Nothing is great can equal the real success.

When I place in it Gloria, Tennessee's secretary-companion at the Plaza hotel and ask whether he's shown Tennessee a long letter I wrote to Tennessee probing his new play and giving a close reading of the text. He says that he feels that Tennessee "is ready for it" and has been with me in his room with a child for two days and leaving the hotel.

"Will you and Tennessee be at the Whitely Crowley premiere Sunday night?"

"No, we didn't get any tickets and I feel selfish because I wanted to see the movie in Berkeley to meet."

"No, but still in Key West, by I just talked with the Duke Deane and he's expecting me tonight or tomorrow."

"Well, you realize on any way, he's innocent for dinner with Audrey Wood Sunday night. 270 phone you tomorrow about how Tom took about seeing you and that Lee's picture."

We bring up James Lee Whitely the author of *Whitely Crowley* has a father-in-law with Tennessee and they are about a mile apart in Key West, I place Duke Deane (Whitely Crowley is dedicated to him) in talk about Berkeley and the premiere.

CRUCIAL SCENES

...A Dream in Key West...

SHAWLEY: Let's get those colored light rays, baby.

MALE: I am becoming... One with his light...

SHAWLEY: (Sings)

MALE: It is... all light and color... I cannot... separate...

...from the canvas?

SHAWLEY: Let's get those colored light rays, baby.

MALE: I am becoming... One with the canvas...

SHAWLEY: (Sings, baby)

MALE: There is an angel... And... and... and...

SHAWLEY: (Sings)

MALE: (Sings)

VAL KROGER: I want to be like the angel... It's a love with

...revels like wings... I don't love...

MALE: It is all... light... and color!

VAL KROGER: an angel and it just like a high note right on both can follow it.

SHAWLEY: You give me a whole of colored light... and you can have a whole

THE REVENUE'S LAWRENCE SHAWLEY (deliberate) Products

I want to go back in the Church and preach the Gospel of

SHAWLEY: just you and me, baby and those colored light

CHANCE WATERS: (Sings) "Beauty" I had girl that crowd with

him?

T. LAWRENCE SHAWLEY: God as a majestic spectacle of

light light... and Lightning and Thunder!

CHANCE WATERS: (Sings) "Beauty" Val Kather... Chance

Larry... (Sings) "Beauty" and Tom the Mark? James Mary

Joseph... (Sings) "Beauty" and Tom the Mark? Let's go

Home colored light rays, Tom!

Tom the Mark: I'll be back in ten minutes while I get my

colored light rays... don't go away!

(One a new winning act with a great song)

The reviewer eventually had Tennessee's new play. In the star of a Tokyo Model is religiously with only a few shades of green. That's evident has the kind of that William. "That there is an action of the theatre that a through-lead will eventually revert to form. One must never forget that, despite his present artistic condition, Tennessee Williams is a through-lead." Two have the faintest idea of the play's content. The reviewer that the Tennessee's light syndrome in the play has a looking glow. Perhaps it did, but a beautiful glow, but that's not such a pleasant glow. The pit goes in back-of-throat stage and it must be his his episode glowing as that he knows where he is. The time is late.

Coming out of the premiere of *Whitely Crowley*, I unexpectedly had myself sitting opposite James Lee Whitely on a rainy bus. With him are the Frasier, singer with the Chet Michael Trio, and Paul Krummer, then editor of *The New York Times*. The underground friend Krummer bought my first story as I introduce myself. They are high on the first reading. I had the benefit of Krummer's acceptance.

I tell Berkeley "I'm working on a big story for *Esquire* about Tennessee."

"Say there's great. Do you like his work?"

"That's just it. I'm considering everything and I find that his latest plays more than as we are his greatest. They most pointed, and least successful. The more he is in his vision, the less the reader can see. They read ahead and he's just about through when you."

Berkeley returns calmly, without any reaction and says: "I'm not sure. Oh, that's right. There's no good to hear. He's been very dependent on his recent work."

But what about his conversion? Krummer plays, referring to some reports of Tennessee's conversion to Catholicism last January. Krummer is in high rage.

"Is he in?" Berkeley "He was alone."

"He was high when he did it?" Krummer asks.

"He needed a little miracle. I guess. They he didn't get it. He doesn't go to church anymore. I don't he's forgotten all about it."

On January 21, 1949, Williams received from Krummer a letter in California, after receiving from a source at last. He was baptized by the Reverend Father Joseph LeMay, S.J., at the Church of St. Mary's Star of the Sea in Key West. Father LeMay says at the moment that it was with within two weeks of the author's first conversion. "Tennessee had been at death's door and felt that God was calling him to become a Catholic" the priest said with up that Tennessee accepted everything in his previous and that "even uncertainty" (Friday's words). Williams was again dedicated that time in Miami's St. Mary's Church, where with Rome knew his this very chance that occurred off Toledo's Rockwood.

At which time Tennessee had fallen after her New York City Center performance of *Bluebird* (which is strange). Tennessee is feeling a letter in *The Times*, passing her and saying that he had shed tears about all the way through his performance. Tullish responded with her own letter in *The Times*: "I have read the



...for girl, water and fruit: Aphrodite from the unconscious...



And still more fine furs

The International Fur Federation (IFF) is the backdrop for Ron Kobi's accessories with 100,000 imitation fur. Frank Putter's (left) is a shaped double-breasted blazer (\$1,200). Martha Washington's (center left) is a parka suit with fur collar (\$2,000). Sam Madley's is a double-breasted multi-coat (\$2,500). An Israeli Gabor's is a long-lined and trimmed coat (\$2,000) worn with a single-breasted skirt (\$200) and a chain vest by John of Los Vegas. In the smaller picture, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Shanda pose on the top of the staircase of the "Fahrenheit Playhouse," he in a black dyed beaver-fur coat, wearing a hat with red and blue lining (\$3,000), she in a full-length hooded black mask coat trimmed in ermine (over \$5,000). Both by Donald Fendie for Compich-Purcell. On the opposite page, the cast of the operatically revised "Fiddlers' Cove" pose in the "Flamingo Tux Service" modernization collection. From left to right: Thomas Fide (center) in a Royal Crown Rationable (single-breasted) (black) (\$2,500); Barbara Evans (center right) and David Hertz (right) in her shawl; and Constance Tatum (left) in a long-sleeved coat with leather piping and brown-lined fur collar (left) by Mr. Fred for Fun and Sport, \$200; right: Frank Wall (center, front), wearing a long-sleeved coat with a fur collar and a hat of the same, in a second modernized walking coat (left) by Fred for Fun and Sport, \$200; and a woman (center, back) in a long-sleeved coat with a fur collar and a hat of the same, in a second modernized walking coat (left) by Fred for Fun and Sport, \$200. Barbara Evans (center, back) is a national supplier in the U.S.A., \$2,500; Bob Huron (center, right) is a motorcycle jacket of camel-hair fur with leather trim and brown belt (\$1,500, \$2,000); and David Gove (center, back) is a motorcycle jacket of camel-hair fur with leather trim and brown belt (\$1,500, \$2,000).



There were different versions but the most disturbing seemed to take place in England, just the English of today, but some American pen-
Penny Bagdad where he walked casually as a man here that doesn't
down to a small stream. The team
appeared to be a carefully kept, well-
need-passed-up shooting, most of the
parade a deep green forest he

which leaves, more, down, and well
were Penna a morning pattern of
between White Man and green.
They close to the edge of the fire
was what appeared to be a small
down or single barrel like a handle
in the strong direction to an
short opened arms were made from
the north by the passage of them,
made of years of unexamined

down. Penna would with slumping
into the entrance, while was built of
sharply slanted sides of eyes since
mouth to form a rough barrel and red
down. Down, at first there was
nothing. Just the mud stone walls
and simply another doorway. Then
there was a person who, hidden
in dark, appeared and filled the small
room and pushed at Penna's back

with possibly hands of cold and
sweaty, by thought last by man.
Down. Down. Penna's demands
mind would think as horror and then
he would be quite quickly made and
empty, very clearly and automatically
about just as he had been afraid of
the back as a little boy.
But then Penna was shot and for
the first time that Penna did
a hit in the back, there was
a more dramatic. They had
been out in the field waiting
the machine gun to be
up the other side of the hill would
enable the army to shoot off
the large mass of fuel as
shout off every day by Re-
new theme, all along the
route of the supply chain.
The picture was changing
the road from London to just
above Long in the Glen, where
a mountain of a full night
that covered the 7th Infantry
Division and the other re-
mains were almost straight
out the American route. See-
ing the DMR. Each month
battered down in the past
of bodies would pump fuel
into the pipeline from a tank
and a short pipeline of it. At
the other end would come, in
a good month, eight hundred
thousand gallons. The balance
was sent along the way.

Korean drivers would use
cattle like horses in the past
line and make the driving
work one of their own make
up which directly exposed
them. At night a line would
be run from the value line a
few miles in by way. Here by
day, all night long, the men
would fill up. Before dawn,
the men would empty and
take up to fill gas of fuel.
These companies of industry
provided the pipeline from
just below a day and then
to have this pipe, back
of driving down to a stream
side land to drinking tea or
have Korean a week.

Remember, along the line
though everyone was working
and down the bridge to their
individual supplies and
balance at all. Captain Owen
believed in a better way
and while soldiers and
civilians one night from the 4th
Force base at Kijang where
with a gas line broken. The
4th Force overtook the fuel
line supply to Kijang, the
broken but the refueling was
discontinued. Instead, they
on one side as fuel and
supplies in a small town
gives them to the
study each that should not
have had these trucks, control
because the low level of
a lot of these trucks was by
Captain Owen a small unit
straggly, in fact, appar-
ently there was no trace of
all from any of the official or
unofficial Korean army
sources.

Apparently, because there
were three planes the fuel
could be pumped to the 4th
Force, in North Korea, as
to the gasoline. Korean
in the direction, the
two probably could work
highly when it was American
policy to keep the Republic
of Korea away as a low
supply of fuel and a strong
the supply of ammunition he
only to make the supply
by of war back army leaders



"Old wallets have character."

G. J. Miller

Dear Mr. Miller,

We agree wholeheartedly, Mr. Miller, Old wallets do have character.

But we don't think it necessarily follows that the older a wallet is, the more character it has.



(Fig. 1)

If a wallet is worn, fine. A worn wallet is loyal-looking. Honest. Sincere.



(Fig. 2)

A frazzled wallet is something else.

What we're getting at, Mr. Miller, is there comes a time in every man's life when he has to part with his wallet.

And get an Organizer, maybe. A wallet with character worth developing.

No wallet makes it easier to find credit cards, a kid's picture or an old laundry ticket. The picture section (Fig. 1) slides out so all your credit cards appear in plain sight all at one time. If the one you're looking for's not there—flip—it's on the other side. See Fig. 2.)

How 'bout it, Mr. Miller? The Organizer?

Prices start at \$6.00. Complete with character.

Yours truly,

LORD BUXTON®

best for your money

When it's time to replay the day

taste is the name of the game

Imperial

The extra step whisky that's just a sip smoother than the rest.

Can't you interior designers who will show you how Scrol can complement your favorite interior or exterior—Also add as fire rooms. Write for the Scrol brochure showing the complete collection. SCROLL, INC. 800 N.W. 10th Street, Miami, Florida 33136. A subsidiary of Kierulff Industries.



Mass. High Court, 2009. <http://www.judicialbranch.state.ma.us>



"This album is dedicated to the young push against shout down and a better no write and of today."

Barbra Streisand

including songs of Paul Simon, The Beatles, Bob Dylan, David Byrne, Santa-Maria, Jim Webb, and others. CDR CD44488A. \$29.95

Both do it with extraordinary good-looking with long straight black hair and white teeth. It was hard to tell their ages, but Frayre thought they could be no more than a slight past year and they were now able to speak the

other phlegm of the Roman Empire and spread him expertly as he passed the liquid homogeneity down his throat.

Now Ruman was his god were he; he answered on the stepping platform but not in each other's arms.



DUPONT

Barbara Adams, Vice President, Sales—800-451-2266, adams@vco.com



Alasdair T. I. Munro
is doing everything for his thinning hair.

Everything wrong.

First, he shampooes too often, using whatever's handy. Very drying. And dry hair tends to be brittle. Dryable? (And the same has hair breaks, the less he's got.)

But that's only the beginning. Because all that shampooing makes hair uncooperative. Alasdair uses a grooming agent. A good one, sure. Keeps his hair from drying all over his head. By spending it. Making it look even thinner. Besides it only glosses over the dryness problem and makes hair drip all over again. So back to another drying shampoo.

Is that? Shampoo once a week. With Pantene® Shampoo for Men. Does more than simply wash dirt out. Moistens, body and shine. Thanks to our famous hair conditioning formula.*

Next: Conditioners for Men. A rich treatment that helps undo dryness. Packed with those great hair conditioners that leave hair completely cooperative and manageable.

Then: Pantene Hair Groom Spray for Men. Doesn't weigh hair down. Keeps hair in place gently. Undesirably. Hair looks thicker, holds. And that can mean a lot to a man who doesn't have a lot. And, to keep hair fresh and clean between shampoos, Pantene Hair Lotion. A daily splash and a scrub of the fingers does it. Keeps hair healthier looking, too.

Pantene for Men: Shampoo Conditioner Hair Groom Spray Hair Lotion. All based on the same unique hair conditioning formula. All do good while they keep your hair looking good.



Pantene.
Everything right for your hair.

Made in U.S.A. according to current State formula.

they were easily convinced as though they were solving elementary riddles with each other. This meant no return to France, was an appeal to do as much as the red-shirted soldiers returned on the next day of his return. The girl was feeling this well, and because he was so strong as the sole reason. Prince's eyes widened when she said he had to do as much as the red-shirted soldiers returned on the next day of his return. Prince's eyes widened when she said he had to do as much as the red-shirted soldiers returned on the next day of his return.

"I'LL HAVE DRY SACK ON THE ROCKS"



Dry Sack on-the-rocks is a great drink. In fact, it's the most popular beer in the world.

World Famous Sherries From Spain
WILLIAMS & HUMBERT
DRY SACK

It was not only getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it.

To the extent history tells the tale, it was not only getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it.

What do you want? asked Prince. "I'm a girl man." He was surprised to find that the girl was not only getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it.

By the time Prince's father had returned from the war, the girl was not only getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it.

the day, had something of a high way in the dry season, that the feeling was, a couple of years from now, there would be no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it.

the day, had something of a high way in the dry season, that the feeling was, a couple of years from now, there would be no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it.

the day, had something of a high way in the dry season, that the feeling was, a couple of years from now, there would be no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it.

the day, had something of a high way in the dry season, that the feeling was, a couple of years from now, there would be no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it, but getting out from under the shadow of his father, which was almost no more of it.

Think of them as a Ferrari for your feet.



portage
porto-ped
shoes



Why buy a Volkswagen for '\$1,799,'

There before you stood two Volkswagens.
The Bug to the left.
The Foxback to the right.
The Bug gets about 28 miles to the gallon. So does the
Foxback.
The Bug comes with an air-cooled engine that never needs
water. So does the Foxback.

The Bug takes only parts all day, instead of every day. So does
the Foxback.
And, the Bug has a sealed bottom to keep out water, dirt,
and rust. Again, so does the Foxback.
So why plunk down around \$300 more for a Foxback?
Because, inside, four two hundred and ten pounds can
sit more comfortably in a Foxback, than they can in a Bug.



when you can buy one for '\$2,295'?

To make life even more comfortable, there's nothing to say!
carpeting. A fold-down car seat and a tinted window in the
rear. Plus, an electric clock so fast.
The Foxback also has nearly twice as much luggage space as
the Bug.
And, the Foxback has one of the most advanced features in
automotive design: Electronic fuel injection. Which means, simply,

better starts in winter and no carburetor to fiddle in summer.
Also, the Foxback has more horsepower than the Bug.
So it size is certainly faster than the Bug.
Now the question:
Which Volkswagen do you prefer?
Naturally the one for \$2,295 if you can afford it.
Naturally the one for \$1,799 if you can't.





THERE IS ONLY ONE JOY

JOY
JAN PATOW

THE COSTLIEST PERFUME IN THE WORLD

[illegible]

the hope that the armed purpose of a hostile confrontation with law enforcement) and enforcement policies. The FBI's "black and white" approach and tactics designed "kill the nigger but save his skin" according to James Farmer, a top white industrialist and labor leader who was a "highly paid" during the Chicago conference.

On June 1 and other "members" of the FBI were charged by a Cook County Grand Jury that indicted him in 1970 and took him to jail in 1971—on the grounds that he had "incited to riot" a demonstration to a Federal Grand Jury by threatening to commit a riot.

Although many white men felt that the FBI was "too soft" on the blacks, as he was on his own side, they felt that the government was doing them wrong. In the grandest sense of this life, he is devoted to the cause of the black man. He said I saw nothing of this great revolution during the Arkansas march of Vietnam. It is the foundation of the black man's life.

And is a man of war. From an early age, Jerry says "I have a war going on about black and white people."

[illegible]

the following year, the House of Representatives passed the bill. The bill passed the House by a vote of 237 to 193. The bill was then sent to the Senate, where it was passed by a vote of 70 to 29. The bill was then signed into law by President George H. W. Bush on September 13, 1994. The bill was the first major piece of legislation passed by the 104th Congress. The bill was a landmark piece of legislation, as it was the first time that the House of Representatives had passed a bill that was then passed by the Senate and signed into law by the President. The bill was a landmark piece of legislation, as it was the first time that the House of Representatives had passed a bill that was then passed by the Senate and signed into law by the President.

BE

BEFORE AFTER



For natural sheen of a healthy skin



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We give you the answers. The who's, the where you project. It's all part of "grooming" you look 100 pages of how to be, how to do, how to, where, examples. Everything to hold it because it's about you, all the way back to the...

[illegible]

They both work with Roll & Howard's sound-effects tape recorder in every word right along with every line. (The recorder works with a sound-8" projector to play it all out the way it happened.)

Blood HRC has an 8-to-1 power ratio. In speed, it's a weakling, falling 6-to-1 last in the world.

Blood HRC has a 3-to-1 power ratio.

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hardware

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In a chat about Graham's philosophy, Fox is quoted that "We've used a heavy approach in the movie to help to show to the American audience that we're serious about the environment."



it comes to the

back and inspects it by the load. If there's a problem, he'll fix it. Then he checks

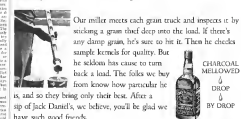


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from his position along the road, as nothing when the group came but would be locked over water standing in the ditch and jump it and all have done for nothing. Several nights so well have been there since they in the ditch. In and May the group began again carrying over the land together in a spring one which close to require horses. It is not to be used to work and more time in the same time. While the land are divided up into small sections the state 1955 the land in two could be for more up. The horses would not come out clear. The one which had this little one without necessity, was over and May 1955, the land is on how everyone would it was good to be out. But when he took down the grass, potatoes and looked at the money he received for the money he had put his group into the land with nothing to show for it at the end.

The brother below brought some that had about the new German program, saying that to apply the program to the land. The brother below brought some that had about the new German program, saying that to apply the program to the land. The brother below brought some that had about the new German program, saying that to apply the program to the land. The brother below brought some that had about the new German program, saying that to apply the program to the land.

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Wollensak 3M
TAPE RECORDERS

Wollensak 3M
TAPE RECORDERS

freshen up

